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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY
SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1903.

No. 24.

ACROSS CANADA.

II.—VANCOUVER.



NE may either begin on a trip across Canada at Vancouver or at Quebec. Persons, however, going from Utah or the Northwest would find it most convenient to

begin the journey at Vancouver, a seaport town of the province of British Columbia. Besides, a tour down the Columbia river to Portland, through the dense and beautiful forests of Washing-



HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER.

ton, and along the Puget Sound to Seattle is one of unusual interest. At Seattle a small steamer affords an excellent ocean ride to Vancouver.

Vancouver is simply a seaport town, nothing more. From its coast a cable line has been stretched across the Pacific to Australia, and from its port steamship lines are running to oriental countries such as Australia, Japan, and China.

the city was covered with a dense forest. Vancouver is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad and was selected because of its excellent harbor facilities for ocean traffic. The population of Seattle in 1900 was eighty thousand six hundred and seventy one; in 1890 it was forty-three thousand.

The situation of Vancouver is quite ideal. It gradually rises from Coal Har-



VANCOUVER FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

Vancouver is of some interest now because there is a little rivalry between it and Seattle. Seattle, however, has in its rear the wealth of our great Northwest to feed the commerce of the Pacific, and is, therefore, growing much more rapidly than Vancouver.

The present population of Vancouver exceeds somewhat twenty-five thousand. In 1891 it was only thirteen thousand and up to May, 1886, the present site of

bor and extends across a strip of land to English Bay. Its drainage is natural; and the view from the elevated portions of the city is beautiful. The climate is not so rigorous as might be supposed because of its high latitude. A street-car motor man (Vancouver has an excellent street railway system) told me that he liked the city very much.

"When I came here from the States," he said, "there were plenty of vacant

houses to rent, now it is quite hard to get one. You should come up and see my beautiful vegetable garden; it beats anything I ever saw."

"But," said I, "you can't raise any fruit way up here."

"Oh, yes you can," was the prompt reply, "you never saw such a country for berries; and this morning I had to put props all around under my apple trees to keep the loads of apples on them from breaking off the limbs."

What pleased me most about Vancouver, from the standpoint of its natural beauty, was Stanley Park, covering an adjacent area of about one thousand acres and within easy reach of the city. Around more than half of it is a beautiful drive that overlooks the bay. The interior of this park consists of a natural forest whose gigantic cedar trees tower into the sky a distance of two hundred or three hundred feet. The ground through this forest is covered with dense foliage, whose ferns and grasses offer every charm delightful to the human sense of the beautiful in form. Through this foliage and forestry winding paths lead to solitary places where man may commune with nature in all her luxuriant wealth and grandeur. The atmosphere here in mid-summer is delightfully cool

and sufficiently moist to be exuberating to the human body. Along the roadside, one may stop here and there to pick wild raspberries. A portion of the park next to the city has been cleared and planted with lawns and flowers, so that side by side with nature's profusion and extravagance of plant life may be seen the delicate and artistic touches of man's genius.

It was a gala day when I was there and the people from the city had come out in large numbers with their children to enjoy the afternoon in sports upon the grassy grounds. A small portion of the park was set apart as a zoological garden. Here the children could view all kinds of birds in their cages, and wild animals from foreign lands.

Although some few Americans have found their way over to Vancouver, it is still essentially an English town, and, therefore, possesses a quietude and conservatism peculiarly English. There is no American bluster, no boasting, no booming. One might imagine from its quiet streets and orderly ways that Vancouver had been settled for a century. There is really in it not much of that excitement which one finds in communities of our new west.

J. M. Tanner.



ALLON, THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

"By a way that they knew not."—Isaiah 42:16.



SOME forty-five years ago, while following my calling as "expert" in steel and iron manufacture, I had occasion to spend six months in the town of Birmingham, England. I had been there but three

weeks when, in taking a quiet stroll in the suburbs, my attention was drawn to a small crowd of people congregated in front of a house, which, like the majority of working men's houses in that quarter, was little better than one of the mud

hovels that obtained in the Druidical times of old England.

Such sympathetic remarks as "poor unfortunates," "sad affair," and "dear little boy," occasionally expressed by some of the bystanders, caused me to visit the house to ascertain the object of their sorrowful expressions.

I found that one small room comprised the whole house, and a second glance brought to my view a scene the memory of which even now forces the tears to my eyes, and creates within me a peculiar interest in the subject of my story.

There in a corner of the room sitting upon one end of a pallet of shavings were two children, sister and brother, aged respectively ten and seven years.

Both were weeping, and occasionally both would cast an affectionate but strangely pitiful look toward the other end of the pallet where lay another brother of the tender age of three years, who, with his little right arm serving him for a pillow, was peacefully sleeping.

In another corner, stretched upon a coarse mattress, was the father of the unfortunate trio; he too was peacefully slumbering, but his was the sleep of death.

That gentler, and better half of man, that priceless and chief pillar of the family, the mother, had died a year previous.

A man whose duty it was to attend to such distressing and destitute cases shortly made his appearance, and as soon as possible had the corpse removed, while some of the women folk rendered assistance in preparing the little ones for an advent into the orphan's home, which in England is known as a work-house.

The little three-year-old boy, whose name was Allon, was awakened just prior to the removal of the corpse, and the fact that the children were permitted

to see their father borne away only served to make their grief more poignant, almost enough to move a heart of adamant.

At this juncture I stepped into a nearby candy store, purchased some of the "panacea" for juvenile ills, and distributed it among the unfortunates, after which little Allon showed his appreciation by fondling around me, evincing a strong inclination to stay by me.

My interest in the child was at once aroused, not so much for his childish confidence as for the fact that both in form and features he was somewhat diverse from the others, seeming to be an interesting part to himself. An hour or so and the house was emptied of its occupants, and I returned to my lodgings having in my soul a more kindly feeling for the philanthropist, whoever he may be, than I ever had before.

After some six years had passed, during which time I had visited many of the manufacturing centres of Great Britain, I had occasion to visit the village where was situated the institution of which Allon was an inmate, and it was but natural while there that I should inquire after his welfare.

Although he was now in his tenth year, and had grown up into a strong and sturdy little fellow, it needed but a momentary glance for me to recognize him in the midst of an aggregation of some seventy other school boys.

What personal interest had I in the boy, I asked myself. His was only one out of hundreds of such cases in the world. But the more I thought of it, the greater became my interest in this child of misfortune.

Upon my inquiring regarding him, the schoolmaster informed me that the boy, although rather dull in some branches of learning, was nevertheless, the peer of any member of the school in Biblical

lore, and that in the "Bible class"—which class was then considered a moral factor in the public schools of England—Allon stood at the head, and by merit in that line was even now the teacher of that particular study.

I was also privileged to read the "Diet List" of the school, as well as the rules and regulations thereof. Startle not, dear reader, while I give you a few facts culled from that same list:

Breakfast: for children above eight and under fourteen years of age: four ounces of bread, and a half pint of gruel, with salt seasoning. The gruel was little better than dish-washings, and the taste was hardly palatable enough for swine to relish.

Dinner consisted of a varied selection of vegetables, with one ounce and a half of meat added occasionally, each dinner mess not to exceed eleven ounces in weight.

Supper was made up of four ounces of bread, with a small piece of cheese added.

Luxuries: bread and butter, and a weak decoction of tea on Christmas day only.

Corporal punishment, of which the birch rod was the weapon most generally used, was administered to the boys for the most trivial offenses. Such mishaps as the accidental upsetting of an ink-stand, a little injury to a book, and sometimes even a smile during divine service in the church, would in the estimation of the master, call for a severe application of the rod.

But let us quote from Allon's own version: "Our master was a retired (British) army officer. The 'writhings,' 'kickings,' and 'squirmings' of a boy suffering under the stinging pain of the rod would afford him a considerable amount of fiendish glee, nor would he cease from the flogging until he himself was almost

exhausted by the cruel labor. The rod was composed of forty birch switches, ranging from two and a half to three feet long, and the thick ends being tightly bound together, left the thinner ends hanging in a similar way as do the lashes of that devilish form of torture, the cat-o-nine-tails.

"The boy to be birched would be partially stripped, and being fastened face downwards upon a bench would become a helpless victim of the master's cruelty. I have in mind the case of my own brother,* who for absenting himself for a few hours from school was flogged until he became unconscious, after which the master cast the blood-besmirched rod into the fire, and consumed it."

Caning the hands was also another form of punishment meted out to transgressors, and on one occasion, for helping himself to a few currants from the master's garden, Allon was so cruelly beaten about his hands and head with a cudgel that he had to be hidden up until his wounds were healed. So severe was the discipline that Allon's sister had sunk under its inhumanities and died. For reasons which he never cared to explain, the master eventually became more considerate in his treatment toward tender childhood.

Such, dear reader, were the unhappy surroundings with which fate destined Allon to become acquainted and from which he drew his first but damaging impressions of human nature.

After purchasing and presenting a supply of candy to the children of the school, and addressing some encouraging remarks to Allon, I hurriedly left the place to catch a train for Derby, some fifty miles away, to which place I had

* Now a G. A. R. Veteran residing in Michigan.

been summoned by the Midland Railway Company.

In those days England was extending her railway system to every nook and corner of "the tight little island," and the rolling mills of the various iron and steel industries were running in full blast to supply the great demands made for those metals.

Although my time was pretty well occupied by the numerous calls made upon me, a remembrance of the sad scene in Birmingham to which I had been witness some years previous would often vividly impress itself upon my mind, and I would think of Allon, friendless Allon, the poor boy incarcerated in the doleful and gloomy Bastile, for as such the workhouse was vulgarly known. After a somewhat lengthy stay in Sheffield, the quarters assigned me by the Midland Company, I received a more lucrative offer from a Calcutta firm, to be overseer of some steel bridge work which was being manufactured for an East Indian firm by the "Butterley Company," who did business a few miles from Derby. It was this same Butterley Company that manufactured the material for the world-famed roof of St. Pancras Station, London.

During my residence in Butterley, I made the acquaintance of a Dr. Casson, a man who because of his kind attributes and philanthropic deeds was generally loved by the poorer classes. His father, previous to his death, was for many years the parish clergyman, and was noted for his large heartedness toward the sick and afflicted, and the son generously carried on the same charitable work.

Occasionally, when time permitted, I would accompany the doctor upon his errands of love, and if I may be allowed to judge by the joy and gratitude manifested by the people who were the recip-

ients of Dr. Casson's generosity, I can endorse the truth of the statement made by the Divine Teacher that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Sad and distressing as were some of the cases which Dr. Casson introduced to my notice, none were so sad in my estimation as the one I had seen some years previously in Birmingham.

Poor Allon, how fervent was my wish that his future would be brightened by the goodness of the Allwise Creator who had promised to be a father to the orphan and a friend to the afflicted, inasmuch as they trusted in Him. "O that Allon might live before Thee!" would have been a prayer truly responsive to my wishes concerning the lad.

One day as the doctor and I were preparing to spend an hour or so in field sports, an almost breathless messenger arrived informing him that his services were immediately required at Ironville to attend to the case of a youth who had met with a serious accident in the coal mines, and who had already been conveyed to his home. Upon Dr. Casson's invitation for me to accompany him, I at once assisted him to hitch up, and together we rode, reaching the home of the injured lad in fifteen minutes or so afterwards.

While the doctor was in the house examining the extent of the boy's injuries, I remained in the carriage, and while sitting there fell into deep thought concerning the injured lad, who was the only support of his aged and decrepid grandmother, whose humble home he shared.

And was it not natural that my thoughts should also trend toward that other boy, Allon, incarcerated in the workhouse some sixty miles away?

And yet, in taking a second and a more philosophic view of the two cases, the workhouse surroundings of Allon were more favorable than were those of the

poor injured boy now under Dr. Casson's care. While it was true that Allon was having a hard bringing up in the Bastille, the other poor lad, now seriously injured, had to slave underground thirteen hours out of every twenty-four, with a likelihood of having his life crushed out at any time.

At this moment I was disturbed from my reverie by Dr. Casson coming to the carriage to procure his surgical instruments, and at his request I left the horse to the care of a neighbor and followed him into the house.

Reclining upon a lounge, with his face deluged in blood, his right eye partly forced from its resting place and fully half of his scalp, from the base of the forehead back to the crown of his head, literally torn off, leaving the skull bare and exposed, was the young patient, a shocking sight indeed. Four broken ribs, and his right foot crushed almost to a pulp, only served to increase the seriousness of the case.

Unaccustomed to such scenes, it took but a momentary glance at the boy to make me turn away, leaving the doctor a free hand to perform his sorry task. A skilled surgeon, Dr. Casson quickly restored the displaced parts to their former positions, and after staunching and washing the blood from the patient's face, as well as attending to the other injuries, he invited me with an apparent degree of justifiable pride in his skill, to take a second look at his patient, without fear of a repulsive feeling.

I did look, and upon my giving vent to a low exclamation of surprise, the doctor, with an inquiring look upon his face, asked if I knew the boy.

"It is Allon, the workhouse boy," I replied. Yes, he was none other than Allon, and in a conversation had with the grandmother a few minutes later, she explained how with the kind assist-

ance of her pastor, the Rev. Henry Wright, Allon had been released from the workhouse and brought to his present home, and how he had cheerfully ventured in the mines, laboring for the pittance of eighteen cents per day.

"And now," continued she, "this misfortune has come to throw"—but here Dr. Casson checked somewhat the forthcoming rebellious spirit of the old lady by informing her that there would be no charges made for the medical service just rendered.

It was some three years after this incident when, in company with Dr. Casson, I again saw Allon under adverse circumstances, this time almost at death's door with that terrible malady, typhus fever, the doctor averring that it was the worst case of its kind that had ever come under his treatment. We found the Rev. Henry Wright there imparting consolation to the grandmother, and to the few sympathizing neighbors who were interested in the sick boy, who to all appearance was past hope of recovery. Regarding it as a test case, the doctor served faithfully and well, and not until a change for the better had manifested itself did he leave the bedside of his patient.

Suffice it to say, Allon recovered, and but a few months afterwards the Rev. Henry Wright, who showed much interest in the boy, offered to take him in hand and have him educated for the Church of England ministry. But as Allon did not seem to approve of the proposition, the matter was eventually lost sight of.

Barely had two more years passed when I made a trip to Ireland, to spend a short season with my eldest sister who was then residing in the old city of Wexford.

Realizing while there that city life was much the same the world over, I

one day took a quiet stroll into the country, but had not proceeded far when I came across a small party of workmen who were breaking rock, presumably for road repairs.

While listening with interest to the rich Irish brogue spoken by those sons of toil, a small piece of flint flew from under one of their hammers, and found a resting place in my left eye.

Irritating as was the objectionable piece of flint, I did not feel disposed just then to ask for assistance, but at once retraced my steps toward the city.

But before long so painful became the injured optic that I was glad to ask the first person I came across, who happened to be a young fellow who was resting by the wayside, to help me rid myself of the annoying obstruction. With the aid of his handkerchief and a hair plucked from his head, he quickly extracted the troublesome intruder, after which he invited me to sit and rest for a few minutes until the injured eye felt easy.

It was during a brief conversation which followed that he ventured to ask if my name was Gregory, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he to my great surprise informed me that he was Allon, the workhouse boy.

He then explained how after the death of his grandmother, a year previous, he had wended his way to Liverpool, securing a berth as coaltrimmer on a steamer plying between that port and Wexford, and how while his ship was scheduled for a twenty-four hours stay in port he had taken a little stroll into the country and had wandered to the place where I found him.

It is almost needless to add that upon our return to the city I entertained him at the home of my sister until a short time before his ship sailed, when he told me that, after arriving in Liverpool, he

would return to his former occupation as a miner.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly after my return home from Ireland my mother, who had passed her sixtieth year, took sick and died; my father followed her a few months later.

While he could not be called rich, my father when alive had means sufficient to make any ordinary mortal envious, and being free from incumbrance, the property, of course, fell to his children, who consisted of myself and two sisters, the eldest then living in Ireland, and Lavinia, the youngest, at home with me.

Lavinia was now twenty years old, was of a lovable disposition, and beautiful as well as good, and although quite a number of suitors aspired to her hand, they were all in turn rejected. I was not sorry at this, for as far as my own feelings were concerned, I preferred that she should wait until she was a little older, although I judged it would be but a short time when I should be left all alone in the old home.

But in reflecting upon the matter I resolved to make provision against such lonesome conditions by getting married myself, and it was while attending a series of entertainments in the church schoolhouse that I wooed and won the daughter of the parish clergyman.

A few months after our marriage my wife expressed a wish that we should either build or rent a more commodious house than the one we lived in, and in accordance with her desire we rented one of the finest residences in the neighborhood.

It was soon after we were established in our new home that the parish curate, who labored under the direction of my wife's father, became enamored of Lavinia, and wishing him every success in

his aspirations (as he was the prospective heir to a small fortune, and withal a worthy man) I brought all my influence to bear in his favor.

But, like others, he only met with discomfiture at Lavinia's hands. When questioned by me concerning his rejection she merely replied that she had not as yet met the right man.

A short time afterward, as my father-in-law and I were walking together through the town, we saw a small party of striking miners soliciting public aid, and learning that they were employes of the Butterley Co., and believing that Allon was a workman under the same firm, I naturally thought it possible that he might be among the party on the street. Nor was I wrong in my expectations, as I shortly espied him going into a store, which on a closer approach I found to be a pawn shop, at which place he disposed of the coat from his back.

Determined that the article should be redeemed, but not having the necessary money with me, I sympathetically invited him to my place to rest until further attention could be given to his somewhat pitiable condition. Upon introducing him as an "unfortunate young fellow" to my wife and Lavinia, I noticed the face of the latter assume a momentary expression of startled surprise, which quickly developed into one of pleasure and satisfaction.

Upon noticing this, a vexed suspicion tinged my mind, but the next moment I concluded that it was just possible my judgment was playing me false. It could not be that the refined and beautiful Lavinia, from whose consideration the courteous attentions of some of the most worthy and promising young men of society had been indifferently spurned, would condescend to yield her heart's best love into the custody of the un-

couth, homely-looking and penniless Allon.

As he stood there coatless and with his unkempt hair awry over his forehead, giving Lavinia a hearty handshake—a liberty she had refused to others, but now seemed to accept and enjoy—the contrast between the two was so striking that I came to the conclusion that the extraordinary freedom exhibited by her was nothing more than an outburst of sympathy for the poor fellow. But when a moment later I saw an unmistakable blush mantle her cheeks, combined with a noticeable shyness on Allon's part, I at once resolved to frustrate the results of any attachment that might suddenly have sprang into existence between them.

An hour or so later I was summoned to Codnor Park Iron Works, some six miles distant, to examine some armor plating manufactured there for the government.

Upon my return home late in the evening my wife informed me that during my absence Lavinia, after dining and entertaining Allon above the ordinary, and furnishing him money for the redemption of his coat, had actually accompanied him to the railway station, paying his fare and inviting him to come again soon. Upon hearing this I felt much distressed in my mind, and in talking with Lavinia on the subject exhorted her not to allow her judgment to run wild. With an almost incomprehensible smile she replied that she had not as yet entertained a thought of giving her heart to Allon or anyone else, although Allon had, she admitted, gained her everlasting good will and she could not spurn or belittle him if she tried.

Not entirely satisfied with her answer, I sought to impress upon her the wisdom of maintaining her dignity, and then I foolishly thwarted my own pur-

poses by expressing regret that I had ever invited Allon to the house at all. At this a pained expression on her face convinced me that my last remark had increased her kindly interest in him, and looking me squarely in the face she told me that Allon was as good a soul as any I had as yet introduced to her.

Then with a haughty toss of the head that sent her long and beautifully curled tresses over her shoulders, she indignantly left my presence looking, as I thought, every inch a queen.

Her independent attitude only made me more determined to disrupt the affinity which I now felt assured existed between her and Allon.

Two weeks afterward I received a letter from Allon who, entirely ignorant of my hostile purposes, informed me that the strike was still on, and concluded his letter by entreating me that, inasmuch as I had influence, to kindly use the same in procuring for him some kind of employment in my locality. All that is necessary to say is that I treated his letter with silent contempt.

Scarcely two weeks more had passed when he again wrote apprising me that he would be in my neighborhood in a week from date of letter, and expressing a hope that he would be able to obtain employment and settle down near me.

This information made me feel greatly vexed at what I then considered his arrogance, and for the first time I began to feel spiteful toward him. In vain Lavinia told me that my surmisings were entirely incorret, and that my fears as to a probable future matrimonial alliance between her and Allon were too ludicrous for one moment's consideration. Now I had never before had reason to doubt her veracity, but at this particular time I challenged her answer.

She freely admitted that since the time she first saw Allon something which she could not understand or explain had drawn her toward him, and that, with perhaps the exception of her parents, she experienced a sense of confidence in his presence such as she had never done in the company of any other person on the earth.

While I had no set feeling against Allon, and was not cognizant of any wrong that could be laid at his door, still I was fearful that he might impose on Lavinia's good will and by an assumed guileless demeanor, eventually persuade her to become his wife. Determined that such should not be, and believing that the best way out of the difficulty would be to get Lavinia away, and at the same time discourage Allon from any further ambition in her direction, I proposed to my wife and Lavinia that they accept the invitation that had been sent them a few days previous from a lady friend in Yorkshire to visit her. This proposition they gladly accepted. Neither my wife nor Lavinia were aware of the letters I had received from Allon, and when just prior to their departure I suggested to Lavinia that should her hostess urge her to prolong her stay to do so, she readily assented. True to his written word, Allon called upon me a few days afterward, and after apologising for his intrusion, bluntly asked why I had not answered the first letter he had sent me.

Taken aback somewhat by his abrupt question, I gave him the curt rejoinder that it was no business of his as to what I did in the matter, not forgetting to remind him that too much familiarity was apt to breed contempt.

At this he hastily stepped outside the doorway, and, turning, said: "Mr. Gregory, I am sorry that my presence is so annoying to you, and I assure you

it will be a long time before I trouble you again. Good day, sir."

His open and independent attitude made me for a moment half regret my thus giving utterance to my feelings, and I believe I should have apologised right then, had he not turned and added an inquiry after Lavinia's welfare.

I answered him that she had left town for an indefinite period, and that there was a possibility she would be married before her return. And here I watched his face intently to see what visible effect my "white lie" would have upon him, but to my surprise I failed to observe the least chagrin or disappointment manifested there. On the contrary, he pleasantly expressed the hope that Lavinia's suitor, if worthy, might have better luck than had his predecessors.

His remark puzzled me not a little, and, in thinking the matter over after his departure, I came to the conclusion that if there was any attachment or affinity—call it love if you will—between him and Lavinia, it was she who would have to force the issues, if a consummation was ever brought about.

Little was I aware that Lavinia a few hours before her departure had penned a letter to her "dear friend" Allon, informing him of her intended outing, and cautioning him against coming to my place before her return.

Anxious to discover the reasons for such advice, Allon had ventured to wait upon me, with the results already given to the reader.

In accordance with his desire, Allon obtained employment in my locality, and the more I saw of him the more convinced I became that his aspirations were not in Lavinia's direction.

Palpable as was the attachment between them, it was also plainly evident that he fully sensed not only the con-

trast in their social position, but the futility, on his part, of any marriage proposals to Lavinia. And she after her return home, reasserted her former statements sufficiently to convince me that she had never entertained a thought of becoming the wife of Allon or of any other person with whom she was then acquainted. She pleaded so earnestly that Allon should be invited to come and make his home with us, and believing that a close acquaintance with him would reveal to her the fallacy of her judgment in regard to him whereby she would tire of him, I finally consented. Allon had not resided with us long before I discovered that his affection for Lavinia was growing stronger day by day, while she, not only displayed a wonderful amount of zeal for his welfare, but was also ever ready to champion his cause, apparently regardless as to whether it was right or wrong. And it was plainly evident that the joys or sorrows of the one always found a response in the soul of the other.

Whenever I closely questioned Allon in regard to the matter he "liked Lavinia" was the sum and substance of the answer I received, and when I turned to her she would gently chide me for entertaining such an idea as a matrimonial alliance between her and Allon.

She loved; but never came the thought
Of union as by mortals taught;
A holier tie, some law of vore
Must make them one for evermore.
The one of low estate must rise
And power obtain before he dies,
While she who was to pride a slave
Must lose her caste beyond the grave.

When Allon had been with us a year or so, Lavinia had occasion to again visit her friend in Yorkshire, and this time insisted upon Allon accompanying her. To this I strongly objected, and after a sharp quarrel in which Allon

was the bone of contention, she consented to go alone.

After her departure, I deemed it opportune to admonish Allon in regard to his deportment, and he, not relishing my remarks, took leave of me that same day, shortly afterward disappearing for parts unknown.

After Lavinia's return home a week later, she lost no time in writing to the place where Allon had formerly resided but could not learn anything of his whereabouts.

Some two years after Allon's departure, during which time Lavinia had rejected other offers of marriage, I was summoned to London on special business in line with my calling, and while there received instructions to proceed at once to Philadelphia, thence on to Pittsburg and Detroit, afterwards continue my journey to San Francisco, where further instructions would be sent me.

But a few days and I was aboard the steamship "Holland," crossing the Atlantic and was shortly afterward attending to business in the Quaker city. Leaving Philadelphia, I pushed on to Pittsburg, visiting the iron industries there, after which I continued my journey to Detroit, where to my mortification I learned that my business could not be attended for two weeks longer.

Determined to make the best of my disappointment, I returned to my hotel, and to kill time, pored over the pages of the hotel registry to discover whether any other "Britisher" was quartered there.

I had scanned but a few pages, when the name Edwin B. Stacy brought to my recollection the fact that an old time friend of my younger days had borne that name, and had emigrated to Michigan many years ago.

Upon my asking the clerk if he was

acquainted with the owner of that particular name, he told me that Mr. Stacy was English born, and was then a guest of the house, but would be leaving on the morrow.

"He is right here now," the clerk added, as Mr. Stacy alighted from a carriage and a moment later entered the building.

Although twenty years had passed since I last saw him, I recognized him immediately and on revealing my identity was at once accepted as his guest.

Accompanying him to his home which was some fifty miles away, I found that in his business as a lumber merchant he had proved a success. He owned three extensive sawmills and employed a considerable number of men, who largely made up the settlement of which he was the leading spirit. I had been at his home but two days, when I made up my mind to indulge with my gun in some sport in the forest, which at that time extended for many miles around the settlement.

After being warned by Mr. Stacy not to penetrate too far into the forest as I might get lost, I plunged into the jungle with the determination not to go out of hearing of the mill whistle. But so enchanted did I become with the romantic scenery around me, that I failed to watch closely enough the trail I had started out on, and almost before I knew it, I had lost it.

In vain I wandered around to take up the trail again, and actually laughed at my own bewilderment, little dreaming that every step I took but served to complicate matters for me.

At length I began to feel serious, and to sense the terrible possibilities that might result from my lost condition, more especially so when a look at my watch showed that I had been on the go for six hours or more.

I fired shot after shot, hoping to attract attention in the settlement, but all to no purpose. Above me the firmament was dull and leaden hued, and possibly that conduced to the depression that had now taken hold of me.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and I began to feel alarmed at my situation, more especially so when I heard what I believed to be the howling of wolves in the distance. Again and again I tried to find some trail that might at least lead me to the habitation of man somewhere, but it was like hunting a needle in a haystack.

At length I gave up the attempt, and as the darkness of night was now fast enveloping the mighty forest within its solemn folds, I climbed a tree, and securing a good hold in the branches prepared to keep watch, and await the dawn of the morrow.

The darkness had now thickened around me, and as I thought of the dangers that might confront me from wild beasts, my situation was anything but pleasant.

Suddenly, my gloomy reflections were disturbed by the appearance of a light that had just flashed into view not far from me, and descending from the tree, and hastening to the spot, was surprised and almost spellbound to hear someone singing the old time hymn:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.

The blaze from the fire just ignited lent a lurid aspect to the scenery around, and as I approached into full view a voice from a thicket nearby exclaimed: "Hello! Mr. Gregory," and the next moment the speaker stood before me.

"You here, Allon, or is it your ghost?" I almost gasped.

"I am Allon the workhouse boy," he

answered; "and fully realize that I am still in contact with the ills that mortal flesh is heir to."

After a steadfast gaze at each other to make sure we were not mistaken, explanations followed as to the cause of our accidental meeting. He informed me that he had left a lumber camp that afternoon and was now on his way to Stacy's camp, from which place he would make for Saginaw where he had worked before. He also informed me that it was twenty miles from Stacy's camp to the one he had just left, and that I had covered twelve miles during my wanderings that day. To make a long story short, we talked much of many things, and after partaking of a few crackers with which he was supplied, we lay down by the fire to rest.

Sleep was not to be had, and I had convincing proof that night that the term "Wolverines" as given to Michiganders, was aptly bestowed.

The next morning after a light breakfast, we struck a trail—not the one I had lost—but one with which Allon was well acquainted, and on reaching camp, were welcomed by Mr. Stacy who had been much troubled by my absence, and who advised me never to venture alone in the woods again.

After bidding me Godspeed on my journey, Allon, who never once inquired concerning my folk in England, continued his journey to a point from where he could travel by rail to Saginaw, while I, after a week's stay with the Stacy family, returned to Detroit.

It was but a few days after my return to the city that I was taken sick, and so severe was the attack that I was compelled to keep my bed for some days, and fully a month expired before I was able to resume my journey westward.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT STUDIES.

THE MACCABEES.



AT Modin, a little village northwest of Jerusalem, lived Mattathias, a man of priestly descent, and his five sons Johanan, Simon, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan. When Apelles, a Syrian officer, came to Modin to overthrow the Jewish creed and establish that of the Greeks, Mattathias was made a splendid offer to induce him to renounce Judaism. But Mattathias proclaimed fearlessly his intention to live and die in the faith of his fathers. He refused to offer sacrifice on a heathen altar to the gods of the Syrians; and he slew with his own hand that apostate Jew who advanced to perform the ceremony for him. The valiant old priest then fell upon the Syrian embassy; and, having slain them, he called upon those of his compatriots who would to follow with him into the mountains. Mattathias and his sons soon had a large following. One thousand of them, however, were surprised in a cave on the Sabbath day; and since they offered no resistance, they were mercilessly massacred by the Syrians. From that time, Mattathias and his party determined to override such a superstitious observance of the Sabbath, and make defensive warfare, at least, legal on that day.

The insurgent party hid in the mountain fastnesses. As opportunity offered, they descended upon the towns. The heathen altars were destroyed; circumcision was enforced; apostate Jews were punished; the synagogues were re-established for worship; and as many copies of the law as possible were collected and preserved. But Mattathias was an old man. He could not endure the privations of such enterprising war-

fare. He bestowed, therefore the command of the insurgent party upon Judas, the most valiant of his sons.

It is from Judas Maccabaeus that the name Maccabee is derived. Judas, though a young man, was a worthy successor to his father. He trained his soldiers well; and when he was confident of their excellence, he ventured to meet his enemy in the open field. Apollonius, governor of Samaria, was first to meet him, and was defeated and slain. The deputy-governor of Coele-Syria determined to avenge the death of Apollonius, but met the same fate. A Syrian army of twenty thousand men was then sent into Judea; and it was soon followed by the commander-in-chief, Ptolemy Macron. Their combined forces numbered forty thousand foot and seven thousand horse. Judas could assemble only six thousand men. He issued to them the proclamation that any who had married wives, or built houses, or planted vineyards, or were fearful, should return home. Only three thousand men remained with him. Yet, with his handful Judas advanced against the Syrian army. He surprised the Syrians in the early morning, and defeated them with great slaughter. The next day was the Sabbath, but Judas heard that a large Syrian force was assembling beyond the Jordan. He crossed the river, gained another great victory and obtained a large supply of arms. Philarches and Callisthenes, two of the chief oppressors of the Jews, were slain. The next year the great Lysias, military commander in Syria, appeared in person with an army of sixty thousand foot and five thousand horse. Judas met him with ten thousand men, and gained a decisive victory. Having thus been victorious on all sides, Judas

entered Jerusalem, now ruined and desolate. Shrubs were found grown to a considerable height in the court of the temple; every part of the sanctuary had been profaned; and the chambers of the priests had been destroyed. Judas installed the most blameless priests he could find; he restored the temple and again celebrated the feast of dedication.

The Maccabee next carried his victorious arms into the territories of the Edomites and the Ammonites, who had formed a powerful confederacy against him. This last Maccabean victory, led the Syrians and their allies to begin a persecution of the Jews in Galilee and in Gilead beyond the Jordan. Judas divided his army into three parts. With eight thousand men he crossed the Jordan into Gilead; three thousand men under his brother Simon he sent into Galilee; the rest he stationed in Judea to defend the liberated provinces. As before, the Maccabees were victorious in every conflict. The Jews beyond the Jordan were removed to Judea where they could be better protected.

In the meantime, Antiochus Epiphanes had been consumed in body by a loathsome ulcer and had died in Persia. His son and successor, Antiochus Eupator, marched against Judea with an army of one hundred thousand foot, twenty thousand horse and thirty-two elephants. A strong party of apostate Jews anxiously awaited his approach, and did all in their power to prepare the way before him. Judas seemed to be everywhere successful, yet he was forced to retreat to Jerusalem. A treaty was agreed upon, and Antiochus was admitted into the city; but in violation of the terms of the treaty, he threw down the walls of the city, and dismounted the fortifications.

From that time the cause of the Maccabees seemed to wane. Demetrius,

the son of Seleucus, deposed Antiochus Eupator, and ascended the Syrian throne. The new king formed an alliance with the apostate Jews. He revived the office of high priest, and hoped by thus re-establishing Judaism to win the allegiance of the people. The new priest was, however, but a Syrian tool. He perpetrated such outrages that Judas Maccabaeus once more revolted and secured independence by two signal victories. Then to make that independence more sure, he entered into an alliance with the Romans. However, before news of the ratification of the treaty had reached Judea, Demetrius sent the whole force of his kingdom into the province. Judas met it with eight hundred men. He discomfited one wing of the Syrian army; but fell nobly the martyr and champion of his country.

The struggle was carried on after the death of Judas; but it ceased to be a strife for the preservation of the Hebrew faith. It came to be more in the interest of the Asmoneans—the family name of the Maccabees—than in that of the community. Jonathan, who succeeded his brother Judas, was forced for a long time to hide in the mountains and carry on a guerilla warfare. But fortunately a civil strife arose in Syria. Both parties were anxious to secure Jonathan's support. He accepted the terms of the stronger party. He was appointed high priest of Judea, and with him began the reign of the Asmonean princes. The Jews were once more religiously independent.

Jonathan was betrayed, however, to the Syrian party and slain. Simon, the only survivor of the Maccabees, succeeded his brother Jonathan in the office of high priest, and by him was consummated the supremacy of the Asmonaeon dynasty. The civil strife in Syria continued. By going over to the

stronger party, Simon was able to obtain nearly everything for which his brothers had fought and died. The strongholds of Judea were garrisoned by Jewish soldiers, and in B. C. 143, the national independence of the Jews was confirmed. Simon had "peace in the land; and Israel rejoiced with great joy; for every man sat under his vine and his fig tree, and there was none to fray them, neither was there any left in the land to fight against them" (I Macc. 14: 11-13).

Simon was assassinated after a reign of eight years, and was succeeded by his son John Hyrcanus. The kingdom of Syria was still distracted by rival competitors for the throne. Hyrcanus seized the opportunity to extend his dominion. He took Samega and Medaba, beyond the Jordan. He captured the stronghold of Sichem, and totally destroyed the rival temple on Mount Gerizim; and the Idumaens, or Edomites—from whom came the family of Herod—were forced to adopt the Jewish faith. In the latter part of his reign, Hyrcanus was troubled by dissensions at home, yet he was privileged to die in peace, B. C. 106.

Aristobulus I was the first of Asmonaeans to assume the title of king. He reigned ingloriously for but a short time, and was succeeded by his brother Alexander Jannaeus, B. C. 105. Alexander was a dissolute. He caused his younger brother to be seized and put to death. He took sides with the Sadducees against the Pharisees. At the feast of Tabernacles, while Alexander was officiating as high priest, a mutiny arose. He was accused of blasphemy, reproached for his base descent, and denied the right to the priesthood. Alexander called out his mercenaries and massacred six thousand of the multitude within the precincts of the

temple. Some time later, while Alexander was engaged in a foreign invasion, the Jews rose in rebellion. Alexander was successful abroad and returned to Jerusalem in triumph. To punish the people for their insurrection, he publicly crucified eight hundred men, and slew their wives and children. During the rest of his reign the whole country remained at peace.

Alexander was succeeded by his queen Salome Alexandra. She reversed the policy of her husband, and threw the administration into the hands of the Pharisees. The high priesthood was conferred upon her eldest son Hyrcanus II. The result of this sudden change was a rebellion of the now persecuted Sadducees, headed by Aristobulus, Alexandra's second son, a very daring and ambitious man. Hyrcanus was at first defeated, and forced to capitulate; but on being reinforced by Antipater the father of Herod, and by Aretas, king of Arabia, he returned, and besieged Aristobulus who was in Jerusalem. During the siege the party of Hyrcanus brought out an old man who had the reputation of having prayed for rain at one time, and rain had immediately fallen. He was told to employ his prayers against Aristobulus. The patriotic old man knelt and breathed this Christ-like prayer: "O God, King of the whole world, since these that stand with me are Thy people, and those that are besieged are Thy priests, I beseech Thee that Thou wilt neither hearken to the prayers of those against these nor of these against those." But the Christian spirit had not yet fallen upon the people. The maddened populace took up stones and stoned the old man to death.

At length there appeared an unexpected deliverer. Scaurus, the lieutenant of Pompey, emperor of Rome, had taken Damascus. Both Aristobulus

and Hyrcanus endeavored to secure his protection. After some time, Pompey himself came into Judea. He held conferences with the brothers, and made a pretense of adjudicating their troubles. The decision was, however, not satisfactory. Aristobulus continued on the offensive. Pompey then sided with Hyrcanus and joined in the siege of Jerusalem. The besieged made a long resistance. It was only after three weary months of investment, and after twelve thousand men had fallen by the sword that the Romans achieved a victory, B. C. 63. But then, the victory was complete. Judea was made a Roman province.

Little more need be said of the Jewish history during the period between the close of the Old and the beginning of the New Covenants. The Romans had little influence upon the customs and

religious worship of the Jews. The Hebrew faith had suffered many reverses; but it was now once more supreme, and the people were perhaps more severe than ever in the observance of the letter of the law. Idolatry and polytheism had been made repugnant forever to the Jewish sense of virtue. The hope of the nation lay in the fulfillment of the law, and the coming of Messiah.

After the death of Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, the political history of the Jews centers in the strife between the old Asmonean family of Maccabaeian descent, and the new Idumaeian family of Herod. The Idumaeian family prevailed, and Herod, who was a Jew only by religion, became ruler of Judea. In the year of Herod's death, Messiah was born.



FROM THE ARK TO THE MONITOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 651)

THIS will be the last article on the evolution of the ship—for the present. We say for the present, for, as the years roll by there will, no doubt, be many new developments in the shipbuilding world to write about. In these articles we have endeavored to point out the progress that has been made in shipbuilding since the day Noah entered the Ark. The results that have been accomplished are truly marvellous, and we can expect even more marvellous results in the future.

America continues to hold her place among the nations so far as shipbuilding is concerned, and in the construction of swift yachts she leads the van. She has

good reason to be proud of her navy, and before closing these articles we have decided to give a brief naval display on paper for the benefit of our readers.

At the close of the Civil War, America was able to boast of the best navy afloat. The war compelled the Navy Department to add greatly to the number and power of the vessels of the fleet, but when the end of the war came we had a great many vessels on our hands for which we had no use. So the Secretary of the Navy began a "cutting out" process, and this continued down till the year 1882, when the entire naval force numbered only thirty-one vessels in commission, twenty-seven of which were

built entirely of wood. To tell the truth, these old-fashioned vessels were almost as harmless as the painted Indian signs in front of cigar stores.

Secretary Chandler, in his report of 1882, called the attention of the Government to this condition of the navy. He said: "It is not the policy of the United States to maintain a large navy, but its reputation, honor and prosperity require that such naval vessels as it possesses shall be the best which human ingenuity

are not to be compared with the war-ships of today, they were considered at that time to be equal to any afloat in their respective classes. The cost of these vessels was two million four hundred thousand dollars. Four cruisers, the *Puritan*, the *Amphitrite*, the *Terror*, and the *Monadnock*, whose keels had been laid several years before, were ordered completed. This was done, and they were launched in 1883. In 1885 Congress authorized the construction of two



FIGHTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

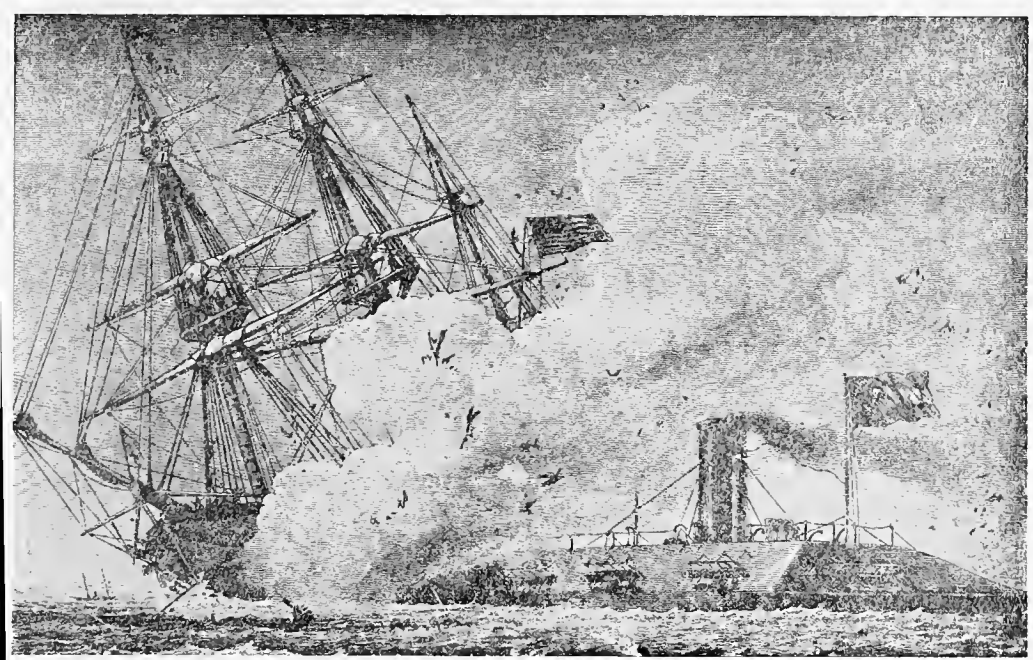
can devise and modern artificers construct. Our present vessels are not such and cannot be made such. They should be gradually replaced by iron or steel cruisers, and allowed to go out of commission."

A word to the wise was sufficient, and three steel war-ships and an armed dispatch steamer were authorized by the next Congress. These vessels were named the *Chicago*, the *Boston*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Dolphin*, and while they

additional cruisers and two gunboats, and the following year there was a further authorization of two armor-clad vessels, each of about six thousand tons, and each to cost, exclusive of armament, not more than two million five hundred thousand dollars. Oh! it costs to build a navy. That was in 1886, and the next year Uncle Sam opened his purse again, and gave another two million dollars for harbor and coast defense vessels. These appropriations made the navy Depart-

ment smile, and in 1888 Secretary Whitney slapped Uncle Sam on the back and exclaimed, "Uncle, in a little while our navy will rank second among the nations in the possession of unarmored cruisers or commerce destroyers." A little later the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* and a first-class torpedo boat were added to the navy. The former had a guaranteed speed of twenty knots an hour, and the latter a speed of twenty-three knots an hour. In 1889 a new secretary, in the

of armor, be constructed for coast and harbor defense. He called the attention of Congress to the navies of other nations, which were well supplied with torpedo-boats, and suggested that we follow their example. There were under construction at that time two battle-ships, the *Texas* and the *Maine*, each of which had a displacement of over six thousand tons. In 1890 Congress authorized, in addition to another armored cruiser, three sea-going coast-line battle-



THE "VIRGINIA" SINKING THE "CUMBERLAND."

person of Benjamin F. Tracey, entered the Navy Department. He did not consider the navy at that time "good enough," and he told the Government so. He pointed out that the way to protect our two widely separated ocean frontiers was by providing two separate fleets of armored battle-ships. In addition to the battle-ships he recommended that twenty vessels, fitted with the most powerful batteries and the heaviest

ships. The following year a sister ship to the armored cruiser mentioned above was added. These vessels had a tonnage of seven thousand five hundred, and a maximum speed of twenty-three knots an hour. There were no less than twenty vessels under construction in 1891. They were the monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, *Terror*, *Maine*, and *Texas*, the coast-defense vessels *Monterey*, the *New York*, *Cincinnati*,

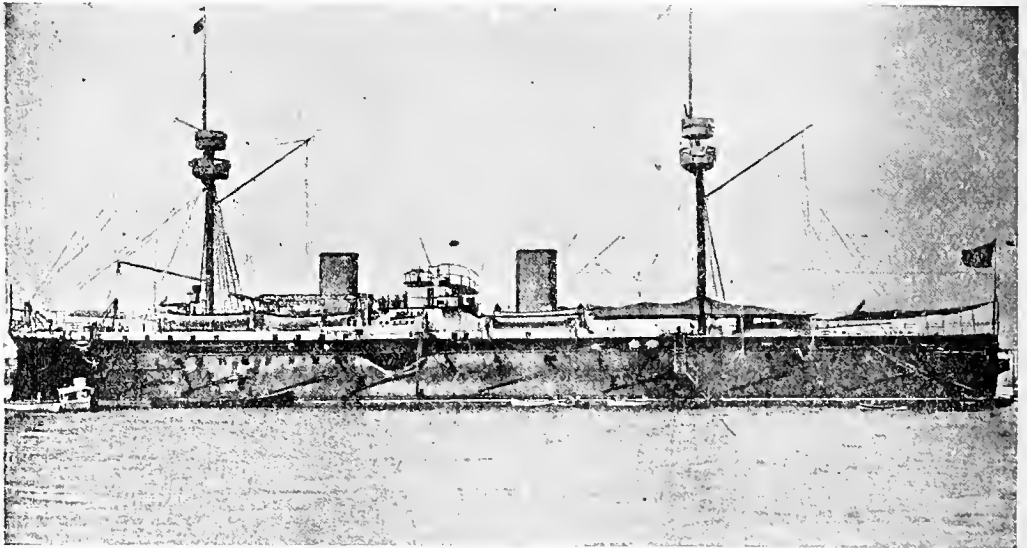


CRUISER "CHICAGO" AND TORPEDO SHOT.

Raleigh, *Detroit*, and a practice-ship, authorized by the act of 1887; the harbor-defense ram *Katahdin*, and gun-

boats 5 and 6; the three battle-ships *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, and the protected cruisers Nos. 12 and 13. The United States Navy to-day consists of about seventy modern ships-of-war. These include eight battle-ships, six coast-defense steel-clads, two armored cruisers, one armored ram, thirteen protected cruisers, eighteen gunboats and unprotected cruisers, and about two dozen torpedo boats.

"It is generally conceded," says a writer, "that the United States has the finest fighting men and vessels in the world. These advantages would, in all probability, enable us to whip Germany or Italy in a series of naval contests; therefore, it is thought by naval critics that we really hold fourth position among the naval powers. England is still a long way ahead of us, the English navy now numbering nearly five hundred vessels, of which one hundred and twenty are armored cruisers, but comparing the navies ship to ship, the United States fleet, so far as it goes, is superior even to that of Great Britain. The battle-ships, while somewhat smaller,



THE MOST MODERN TYPE OF WAR VESSEL.

are more effective fighters. The English navy has no armored cruisers as fast or as powerful as the *New York* and *Brooklyn*; and the commerce destroyers, *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, are the fastest vessels, either of war or peace, that have gone to sea."

While these developments have been going on in the Navy similar developments have been made in the regular Atlantic service. Thirty years ago the largest steamer to enter the port of New

large fleet of vessels with a tonnage of between five thousand and ten thousand tons. The large freight steamers have from eight thousand to thirteen thousand horse power, while the express steamships develop from twenty thousand to forty thousand horse power.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II., of the North German Lloyd Company, is the latest addition to the large fleet of Transatlantic liners. She was built by the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company of Stetin, Ger-



THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "OLYMPIA."

York was of a gross register tonnage of four thousand six hundred and seventy, her length was four hundred and forty feet, her beam forty-four feet and her horse power three thousand. Today we have vessels almost twice that size. We have more than forty-five steamships of from ten thousand to twenty thousand tons gross register employed in regular lines between the port of New York and ports of Great Britain and Continental Europe, not to mention a

many. The dimensions of the new vessel are: Length, over all, seven hundred and six feet, six inches; beam, seventy-two feet; height from top line of keelson to moulding of promenade deck twenty-two feet, six inches; draught to load line twenty-nine feet six inches; displacement twenty-eight thousand five hundred tons.

To provide the necessary steam for four engines, twelve double and seven single boilers are provided, working at a

pressure of two hundred and thirteen pounds, and having a heating surface of one hundred and seven thousand six hundred and forty-three square feet. There are one hundred and twenty-four furnaces, with a grate area of three thousand, one hundred and twenty-one square feet. The bunkers contain space for five thousand seven hundred tons of coals. The boiler rooms and coal bunkers have a total length of two

amounts to six hundred and twenty-five tons. The main and auxiliary engines taken together number seventy-nine, with one hundred and twenty-four steam cylinders, and the condensers contain piping amounting to a length of about forty nautical miles. The ship's company altogether is made up of six hundred persons.

* * *

The latest addition to the modern



A MODERN STEAMSHIP IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

hundred and ninety-five feet; and a railroad track, five hundred and ninety feet long, conveys the coal from one to the other. The fireroom force consists of two hundred and thirty-seven men. The nineteen boilers are connected with four large smoke stacks, each sixteen feet five inches in diameter, and one hundred and thirty-one feet in height above the keel. The daily coal consumption

"ocean grey-hound" is that of a brake. For many years every land vehicle has been provided with a brake, while steamships, which travel through the water at almost railway speed, have had no other way of stopping than by reversing the motive power. The Canadian Government has equipped one of its vessels, the *Eureka*, with a brake, and concerning this device the *Scientific American*

says: "As the name indicates, the brake is intended to check the speed of a vessel. It can also be utilized to assist in turning about in a limited shipway. During a recent trial made in the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, the steamer was driven ahead at an indicated speed of eleven knots an hour. Steam was then shut off, and simultaneously, the brake on each side opened. The vessel came to a full stop within a distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, the vessel sent ahead until the original rate of speed was at-

tained, when the engines were reversed, and the brakes opened, with the result that all headway ceased after she had gone but fifty feet—about half her length. In maneuvering the *Eureka* at full speed, she was turned also within her own length, with one brake thrown open. An examination of the hull and brake mechanism after the tests showed apparently no harmful strain or other damage, and in operating the brake, no jar or vibration was observable by those on board."

THE END.



SOME OF OUR POETS.

MRS. EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

THIS talented lady, ~~who is~~ the possessor of a poetic as well as a practical mind, sprang from the sturdy stock which has been called "the backbone of English society." Thomas Hill, her father, was a farmer and landowner at Warminster in Wiltshire, and he with his wife, Elizabeth Slade Hill, endeavored to rear their family honorably, and give them a good education.

Emily, their youngest daughter, was born at Warminster, March 24, 1836.

When but a mere child she was much concerned about her eternal salvation. Hungering and thirsting for truth, she searched the scriptures, invariably turning to the lives of the ancient prophets, and wondering why God did not still speak to man.

In the year 1848 her family received a visit from a relative who had just embraced Mormonism, and from her they heard of Joseph Smith, the latter-day

prophet, and the restoration of the ancient Gospel. Hearing that some Mormon Elders were to preach in the neighborhood, Emily attended the meeting, and although but twelve years of age, she grasped the purport of their message and was convinced of its truth. On her return home she astounded the family by declaring that she knew the Latter-day Saints were the Lord's people, and that she would join them when she was big enough. This she did, being baptized into the Church, March 25, 1852. Her unwavering allegiance to what she believed to be right, and the implicit trust in God which the child believer exhibited during many trying circumstances that followed, were but germ characteristics of the woman of mature years.

In spite of intense opposition from her parents and friends, she sailed early in 1856 for America, in company with an older sister (afterwards Mrs. Julia Ivins)

who had also joined the Church. From New York they traveled to Iowa City, and thence as part of a company of five hundred Saints, ~~they~~ started on the 15th of July for Utah, wading rivers, crossing prairies, climbing mountains and pushing handcarts, a distance of thirteen hundred miles. The winter that year was unusually early and severe. The sufferings of the handcart companies have become historic. Many died and



MRS. EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

all would have perished in the mountain snows but for their timely rescue by relief parties sent out from Salt Lake valley. Among her many poetic effusions—for she has been a prolific writer, and it is natural for her to express her feelings in verse—is one commemorative of that thrilling part of her personal experience.

In June, 1857, Miss Hill married, as a plural wife, one of the most talented men in the community. She and her

husband were among the guests invited a month later to celebrate Pioneer Day—Utah's tenth anniversary—at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon, in company with President Young and other Church leaders. It was there that the startling news was received of the coming of an army to put down a supposed Mormon rebellion.

Naturally these tidings caused considerable excitement among the pleasure-seekers. Returning home they held public meetings, at one of which it was proposed that if the army attempted to enter the city it should be set on fire and the people start on another exodus. With the horrors of the handcart journey fresh in her memory, this undaunted woman raised her hand in acquiescence with the rest. She was in the move south, and thus wrote of the return therefrom:

Extol Elohim! for the storm-cloud has broken,
The legions of Hell are divided in twain,
The Lord through His servant, the prophet,
hath spoken,
Return, O ye Saints, to your dwellings again.

The following year a daughter was born to her, and soon after this her husband went on a mission to England. After three years absence he sent a message, stating that he would not return and repudiating the principle of celestial marriage, by virtue of which she had become his wife. This cruel event came while the Civil war was raging, when provisions and merchandise of all kinds were very high, and she and her child were left to destitution, so far as the recreant husband and father knew. But she was a bright and capable business woman, and by her industry succeeded not only in supporting herself, but in purchasing a home. Afterwards she was united in marriage to ~~Elder~~ Joseph Woodmansee, a prominent merchant, and bore to him eight children.

Mrs. Woodmansee has seen many reverses, but her innate courage and ability have made her equal to all occasions.

Her husband having lost heavily in mining speculations, she again entered upon a business career, and made a phenomenal success in real estate for several years. She was appointed treasurer of the Woman's Co-operative Store, a position which she has efficiently filled for the past twelve years. Her busy pen has brought forth many meritorious productions. In October, 1899, she was awarded a gold medal for the Sunday School Jubilee prize poem, which runs as follows:

From many far off lands,
Pilgrims in cheerful bands,
With one accord,
Hastened in these last days.
Hither to learn God's ways;
And still they come to praise
And serve the Lord.

When darkness clothed the land,
The Lord's sufficient hand—
Rent yonder sky:
Amid doubt's dreary night,
The Lord's sufficient might,
Restored the Gospel light,
Lest faith should die.

To Him whose heavenly truth—
Now gladdens age and youth,
Both great and small—
Give thanks! He still presides,
Who sends us faithful guides;
Thank Him whose love provides,
Good gifts for all.

CHORUS.

Come! let us joyful be;
Hail Zion's jubilee,
Hail Zion's jubilee of Sunday
Schools!
Sing! for on every side,
Zion has multiplied,
Let God be glorified,
Where freedom rules.

One of her best productions is entitled "Western Wilds," with a fragment from which this sketch will now conclude:

Jubilant the song of progress that these Western valleys sing;
Through the grand old mountain gorges, clear,
triumphant echoes ring;
Crystal torrents swiftly leaping downward with
relentless might,
Onward to the valley sweeping, shout a chorus
of delight.
Countless gushing, gurgling streamlets blend
their harmonizing sound—
Caroling as if for gladness, while they scatter
life around,
Pastures green and vine-filled gardens, humming
bees and lowing kine,
Make this second land of Canaan flow with
honey, milk and wine;
Here and there in lovely lakelets, sport and
thrive the finny brood,
Furnishing fastidious fancies with delicious,
dainty food;
Marvels everywhere surround us, gaze on yon-
der inland sea!
Broad expanse of liquid splendor, Utah's crown-
ing novelty;
Briny billows, flashing, foaming, with old ocean's
rise and swell,
Into calmer moods subsiding; always weaving
beauty's spell.
Shining waves like glistening silver, mirror such
resplendent skies—
Lo! the poet's dreams elysian are revealed to
wondering eyes.
By the bracing mountain breezes, even sluggish
souls are stirred;
Everywhere the hum of business and of enter-
prise is heard.
Lo! when reigns primeval silence—desolation's
awful hush—
People thrive, and cities flourish, orchards bloom
and roses blush,
Isolation's veil is lifted, desolation's day is o'er,
Western Wilds, so called for ages, are advancing
to the fore.

Whitney's History of Utah.



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Awaken! awaken, dear children,
And open those starbright eyes!
The dawn of another glad Christmas
Appears in the eastern skies.
Look forth ere the stars be all hidden,
And think the dear Christ had a star
Which aided the wise ones to find Him,
As swiftly they came from afar.

Oh, the beautiful, beautiful story!
 I am glad it can never grow old!
 And I love every soul, young or hoary,
 Whose eyes brighten when it is told.
 The King of high heaven descended
 To earth as a babe sweet and small,
 To seek men as sheep left untended,
 And safely home gather us all.

And angels in song to the shepherds
 Made known the glad tidings ere day,
 And Prophets and Saints with thanksgiving
 Rejoiced in this blessed birthday.
 So keep we this season, my darlings,
 With gladness, with gifts and with song;
 To Him who so loved little children
 All children's dear love should belong.

He said unto one, "If you love me,
 Be kind to my little ones all;"
 So we who love Him will do something
 That's kindly, no matter how small.
 If any have found stockings empty,
 If any are tearful and lone,
 Oh, share with them, darlings, your plenty;
 Find some gentle act to be done.

Love! love is the keynote of Christmas!
 Dear Jesus loved all of us well!
 For His sake, each other we'll love, dears,
 And our love we will tenderly tell.
 So I wish you the happiest Christmas
 That ever yet came in your way,
 And I help you give thanks, truly, truly,
 That Christmas is children's own day.
Lu. Dalton.



A FRONTIER SANTA CLAUS.

THERE were five log cabins, seven board shanties, the mill sheds, a shed for the animals, and a chicken coop, that comprised the camp.

The inhabitants were nineteen men, eight women, fourteen children, two yoke of oxen, a riding pony, two burros, a cow, a cat, eight dogs and three chickens. The freighters' teams don't count as residents: being either browsing in the woods or toiling on the road, generally the latter. The engineer, the sawyer, the ratchet-tender and one of the "off-bearers," with their families, occupied four of the cabins, the other was used as a cook house. Two shanties were used by some of the loggers who were "batching it," two by a couple of Mexican families (who owned half the children and six of the eight dogs), and another served as a bunk house for some of the choppers and freighters. The

lumber pilers were a couple of young men who had recently brought their brides over from the settlement nine miles away, and the new shanties standing side by side and a little apart from the others had been built for their reception.

Not very comfortable winter homes, those shanties, at this altitude, even in Mexico, for the pine forests are in the tops of the Sierra Madres, and though the winter months are generally sunshiny (and pleasant when the wind doesn't blow), the wind blows pretty often, and the nights get bitter cold. Snow falls there, but seldom deep, as the winds swirl it away before it has a chance to touch the ground. Ugh, those winds! don't they freeze the very marrow in your bones! A still, cold atmosphere isn't to be compared to those searching blasts which defy robes and wraps.

So thought two strangers who were

making the trip over the mountains in a light spring wagon, behind a pair of good, sturdy, but now thoroughly exhausted farm horses, on a certain day about the middle of December. They were both from the same city, but entire strangers to each other until they met on this trip, and as opposite as the poles in appearance, pursuits and ambitions.

One, the younger by twenty years, was just in the bloom of manhood, athletic, comely, clean-shaven, a thorough man of the world. He was dressed in a hunting suit, much affected by American tourists into Mexico, a belted coat, knickerbockers, and cap of brown corduroy, and heavy tan laced boots. To-day he had added overcoat, gloves, muffler and traveling rug in a vain effort to keep warm.

The other was a rather large, elderly gentleman, erect, with a kindly dark eye and his hair and beard thickly sprinkled with silver. He wore an ordinary dark gray business suit and soft felt hat, but for the present, like his companion, was muffled to the ears in wraps and quilts.

There had been an odd coincidence about their journey all the way through. They had boarded the 10:50 train at Salt Lake on the twenty-sixth of November and had made the usual changes together at La Junta and Pueblo. There were, it happened, few others going the same route, so by this time they began to notice over the top of their newspapers that the "other fellow" was still aboard. They still rode into El Paso on the same Pullman, and chose the same day and train for their ten hour journey over the S. E. and R. G. to the Casas Grandes. Arriving at the terminus there were friends and a carriage in waiting for the elderly gentleman; the other collected his traps preparatory to entering the hotel. They raised their

hats, bowed and passed on, as "ships that pass in the night," never giving each other a thought after parting. But on the second morning afterward as the younger man was stowing away his blankets, lunch box, guns and grip into the stage, the same carriage, with the same friends and the same man, reappeared and he began to stow away in the stage a similar kit—with the exception of the guns. This time they laughed and shook hands.

"Going to the mines?" asked he of the knickerbockers.

"Oh, no, I am a home missionary to the Mormon colonies in Mexico. My name is Norval."

"Of Norval and Stratham? Ah, yes, I know your firm. Glad to meet you. My name is Brieve, real estate and mines."

"Indeed! I know you, at least by reputation, and am fortunate in having you for a traveling companion into the mountains. Sorry I didn't know you sooner."

As they were riding along, Brieve eyed his companion rather more attentively than he had hitherto done. "And so you look after the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of people. I confess my talent for usefulness doesn't extend so far, and I believe I like the pursuit of the almighty dollar best anyway."

"And you believe in doing good with your money, too. There isn't so much difference, after all," and the kind eyes gave him a penetrating look that made Brieve blush like a girl.

There is no mode of traveling under the sun so favorable to conversation and forming acquaintance as riding side by side over a good road behind a good team. Trade, tariff, sociology and religion each came in for its share in the discussion and in the order named. Though Brieve had lived for five years in Salt Lake, he had come in contact

with few Mormons, only in a business way. These slight relations had been by no means unpleasant, but he had felt little desire for a more intimate acquaintance. Satisfied with his own standard of morals, to be honest in his dealings and true to his friend, his family and his country, and liberal with his money in whatever he considered a good cause, that had been religion enough for him, and he desired to make no investigation which might cause an upheaval in this self-satisfied condition. That had been his attitude for five years. Now, when chance had so persistently thrown him into the society of this unobtrusive advocate of an unpopular religion, who seemed little inclined to preach when off duty, but who readily and intelligently answered when addressed, he felt a new and insatiable desire to ply him with questions as to "what there really is in Mormonism."

His former attitude of careless tolerance gave place to one of interest, and he readily yielded that respect and deference to the views of his companion which is a beautiful thing from youth to age in any relation of life, and is always a mark of breeding; and he was beginning to get some idea of how a man can be an all around good business man and a minister of the Gospel, as well, a type almost wholly confined to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He became, indeed, rather inclined to belittle his own aims and pursuits in contrast. Perhaps he really felt the difference between a man who lives wholly for the world and the things thereof, good though they may be, and one whose active and tangible ambitions stretch beyond into a measureless eternity.

The weather was ideal and their two nights camping out before they reached Oaxaca were much enjoyed.

"An agreeable change from steam heating and silver tea services," commented Brieve, as he sat on a cracker box sipping his coffee from a tin cup.

Big ranches dotted the mesas, with thousands of cattle and horses feeding in the tall, dry grass. Scores of miles of wire fences divided the domain of one cattle king from another, and wind mills to draw up water for the cattle were a feature of the landscape.

Occasionally the remains of an ancient pueblo built by monks had been utilized as a ranch house and portions of the high adobe enclosures were still standing. Brieve killed an antelope after two miles stalking through the grassy hills after they had left the ranches far behind, and was much elated in consequence.

He had no notion of leaving it for the wolves to tear to pieces, so they all turned in and dressed it, had a fine feast of antelope steak and gave the rest to the Oaxaca people.

From this point Brieve took burros for the remainder of his journey to the first group of mines which he wished to inspect. He could in all probability be back in less than a week, and as Elder Norval's house to house visits would be finished by that time, they agreed to travel in company over the mountains southward as soon as each had finished the business in hand.

It was the eleventh of December by the time they were ready to start over the rough mountain road which had been used the summer before for hauling lumber to the mines instead of taking the more roundabout way through the valley settlements. Storms set in on them almost at the outset and the elder remarked that he believed "the longest way around would have been the shortest way home."

"Oh, it don't make any difference

which road you take," the driver said. "You can't travel it long without wishing you had taken the other."

The roads were slippery and sidling, besides being badly washed out in places, and for two or three miles at a stretch would twist through the rocky bed of a creek till every bone in their bodies ached with the jolt and strain. When the clouds had emptied themselves then the wind rose, and howled and tore at things till Brieve would have liked to say, but he couldn't, that if Paradise lay at the other end he would see that a railroad reached it before he tried to again.

It wasn't exactly Paradise but it was the lumber camp they reached at the end of three hard days' journey, and glad they were to see the firelight flickering through cracks and chinks. Windows were mostly conspicuous for their absence, being generally a square of muslin tacked over an opening to let in the light by day and a quilt being hung over by night to keep out the cold.

"Won't these people take me for your missionary companion; you usually travel by twos, do you not? I shouldn't like to sail under false colors."

"No, they will understand. They have a number of tourists through here every summer and their dress is similar to yours. I choose my traveling companion from among the local brethren. The children may call you Brother Brieve, but you won't mind that?"

"Certainly I shall not mind that."

The boss looked rather grim when the new arrivals drove up—it is so difficult to appear altogether cordial when people come to see you who are accustomed to and may expect of you comforts and luxuries you are wholly unable to provide.

It is a rule almost without an exception that our people love dearly to en-

ertain the missionaries who so unselfishly labor without money and without price for their comfort and instruction. It is not that the little the people have is not freely given, but they often feel that their little is not half good enough, and are not only sorry but ashamed that they can do no better. In this present instance, however, the lumber haulers had but just returned from a partially unsuccessful trip to the valley from whence most of the supplies must be hauled, and there were already more mouths to feed than they would be comfortably able to fill till they could go again. But this sort of disagreeable climax had happened several times before and when inexorable poverty turns her hard visage too often upon us our own is apt to harden by reflection. He led them into his own little cabin and they were grateful even for warmth and shelter from the wind, and were amply satisfied with a supper of hot bean soup and bread in the cook house, half an hour later. The soup was excellent, but the bread was made from the musty flour which sometimes finds its unwelcome way to the table of the colonist. There were crackers and tinned meats in the wagon which they would willingly have contributed to the general good, but dared say nothing of it till they were better acquainted, lest they hurt some one's feelings or give offense. Brieve was a great hand to notice children, and as there were several around he tried to make friends with them, but they were all exceedingly shy and none but a tiny tot named Ruth would have anything to do with him. She, however, cuddled herself comfortably in his arms and straightway asked him to tell "a 'tory," that being her favorite way of composing herself to sleep. So he told her about his own little Ruth a long, long way off, who had two blue eyes just like

her's, and some long curls just the color of hers; and eight, nine, ten, yes, ten white little teeth that could chew—let's see—and he began to search through his pockets—can chew, yes, apples! and straightway a fine red one found its way into Ruthie's chubby hands and she began gleefully to try her own tiny, white teeth on it, with evidently very satisfactory results.

When the apple which she insisted on holding out to "buddy," for bites, was "all gone," she wanted to hear some more about the other little Ruth. "An' two little eyes?" she suggested, putting her tiny fingers into her own.

"Yes."

"An' a hair?" patting her own little head.

"Yes, several of them," he laughed.

"An' two 'ittle toes?" lifting her tiny foot, from whose ungainly, home-made shoe protruded two little toes.

"Yes, and two little toes, almost as plump and pink and pretty as these."

The mother, who sat rocking the baby on the other side of the hearth, blushed. She had been used to better things, and hopeless rags and rents wounded her self-respect—they looked to one who did not know so like a reproval; and she hated to be pitied, because the pity of most people who are more fortunate than we is so much like condescension. She hated to have this well-groomed, well-dressed, contented-looking man look at her even, for women, even the best of them, like to make themselves comely in the eyes of man, and she knew the fierce sun and winds of Mexico had bleached her hair and blistered and beaten the beauty from her face; that toil had bent the once beautiful figure and hardened the once shapely hand; "and this man was rich and an 'outsider,' and would not, could not understand." She did not know

that behind his observing eye and light, playful manner beat a really sympathetic heart, and that even to him the evidence of too heavy a burden bravely borne by man or woman gave its impress to the features in an inward glory more beautiful than mere prettiness, because it is the evidence of the soul's nobility. The house was not overly clean nor the children overly tidy, yet even he could understand something of the discouragement of muddy boots in the one and scant changes of raiment in the other.

Ah, let no woman who has a reasonable share of home comforts pride herself on her housekeeping, or constitute herself a judge of the housekeeping and home-making qualities of her less fortunate neighbor until she herself has labored in sickness and poverty trying to do the work of three.

We read of women going mad from the dull and deadly sameness of life on some of the mortgage-burdened farms of Kansas. I do not think it is the sameness, barren as such a life certainly must be, it is the terrible feeling of *helplessness*, the conviction that her very best effort is wholly inadequate and always must be. To be able to do something, something that avails, is what gives the equilibrium to body and soul; hope is what maintains it. + 7

I am inclined to believe some of our own exiles have borne as heavy burdens as the Kansas women, but—here is the secret—above all and through all and beyond all is the living faith instilled into their hearts by their religion which gives the strength to bear, and harder still, the patience to wait.

Elder Norval was busily engaged in directing the placing of seats which the men were arranging to hold meeting. Brieve watched them as he held the sleeping child. Presently he turned again to the woman and said, "I don't

see how you manage to content yourself here in this wild, lonely spot, with no advantages for your children;" and the quiet intelligence of her answer surprised him.

"Oh, it isn't a question of contentment at present, it is simply one of endurance, and there is always the hope—though sometimes a pretty faint one—that the future holds something better. I doubt if I could endure it if it were not for that, for it is the children's future that concerns me. You know they say, 'Everything comes to him who waits,' but there is another saying that is not quite so cheerful; it is, 'The gods give nuts to those who have no teeth to crack them,' I hope I won't have to wait too long. Of course our real homes, such as they are, are in the settlements, and there is usually school during the winter months. There are also the academies in the valley, but most of us here have to keep our boys at work as well as ourselves in order to live, and our best industry and economy haven't made us rich yet."

"You people farm some up here, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, but climate and conditions are so different from anything we have been used to that we are still mostly in the experimental stage. We buy a good deal of what we eat yet, bread being the chief item, though we use considerable corn meal, corn and potatoes being our best crops."

Men, women and children began to file into the room (it was the cook house, that being the most commodious).

A cheerful fire burned in the huge open fireplace and every face reflected its cheerfulness; it was a red letter day to them. Hearty greetings and hand-shakings with Elder Norval were universal. I wonder if those whose privilege it is to sit under the very droppings of

the sanctuary can form any idea of how much these missionary visits are appreciated by this isolated people.

The men are still clad in their rough, working clothes, whatever many of them owned for dress occasions being at their homes in the settlements. They take their places and all join in the singing. The Elder's sermon is a mixture of doctrine and practical advice about temporal affairs, unique in Brieve's experience, who was better acquainted with the firstly, secondly and thirdly of a sectarian religious argument.

Among other things he said; "Be of good cheer, and faithful Latter-day Saints wherever you are. Let your light so shine that this nation may know your belief by your works; honest in your dealings with all, and full of faith, kindness and charity. Have your Sunday services here as you do at home, it will keep out the spirit of idleness and contention, which is the spirit of the adversary. Have your manuals and Church works here and have a newspaper among you, and a few suitable books for your children. And you, mothers, who had school opportunities in the land of your birth before you came here, help the boys and the tots a little with their lessons in the evening, and let them help you in your chores and tasks about the house; and try to get in a little good reading for yourselves every day—that will give you something better to think and talk about than your neighbor's affairs. Then you will feel that you are neither standing still nor going backward, and will feel your isolation less keenly. You may even be able to do a little missionary work among these natives that I see you have among you. That would give you greater scope for your talents. I see by the way some of the sisters are smiling that they think it wouldn't take much talent, but it would.

They are, it is true, a low type of their people, only a step removed from the Indians. I did some pioneering into Utah myself in the early days when conditions were as severe as they are here, and I have also done missionary work among the Indians. I know what petty thieves they sometimes are, and filthy and vermin infested. You feel that you cannot let your children associate with theirs because their low habits would contaminate them.

"That is all right, your first duty is to your own, but your duty doesn't end there. These people are of the blood of Israel and their souls are precious in God's sight. They must have practical lessons aiming at the betterment of their bodily condition before we can reach their souls. Your housekeeping qualities and care of your children, your personal neatness, your honesty in your dealings with each other and them, a spirit of kindness and interest in them will lay the foundation for higher teaching as they grow capable of receiving and appreciating it. My very first advice to our people in this land would be, learn their language. That will place you in a position to do them good and at the same time protect your own children from the evil communications that corrupt good manners, which might otherwise be carried on under your very noses, for children pick up a language much sooner than adults.

"Then teach them yours, so that they can come among us here at meeting and hear our instructions. Here is scope for the most ambitious of our people, a whole nation to be converted. The fields are white with the harvest but, alas, the laborers are indeed few. We have all heard of the man who apostatized because he was sent on a mission to the Sandwich Islands instead of to Paris. He wanted to go where he himself

might receive polish, the Sandwich Islanders were beneath him. Don't let us think our mission is beneath us.

'I realize some of the discouragements you work under here, but be faithful to your best ideals and the way will open up for opportunities for your children; but it is a law as much in force to-day as it was in the days of ancient Israel that your success will be predicated in a great measure on your faithfulness. If you have the natural material among these bright boys and girls for the professions as well as the trades make the necessary sacrifices to give them a chance. It is the only way to get out of the rut. Anybody can dig postholes. At present, your president tells me, if there is any legal business to be done in the colonies the people must send out for some one else to do it and the money goes out of the colonies; if any one has a serious accident or ailment he must go hundreds of miles to a doctor; if he wants a tooth pulled he must go to El Paso for a dentist. That the professions are overcrowded in Utah and elsewhere in the United States does not apply to you here. Just as quick as there is money enough to be made here to justify them in coming, some of them will come here, but you might just as well qualify and establish your own in advance of them and keep your money circulating among yourselves. Doesn't that sound like a reasonable policy? It is the only wise one. Let your children go to the academy as soon as you can reach it and associate in equality and fraternity with those of our people in the valley; then you will hear no more of this epithet of 'corn eating mountaineers' which some thoughtless person may have bestowed upon you. Remember that if a man by his own diligence and perseverance goes ahead of another in this life he will be just that much ahead of him to all eter-

nity, and no jealousy or sophistry of ours can make it otherwise. It is a law decreed in the heavens.

"I have sometimes watched with pity the mistakes of a man of good natural abilities who has failed to cultivate them. He is hampered continually by a sense of his own limitations; humiliated by a conviction of his own ignorance when thrown among those whom he is bound to acknowledge in his inmost soul as his superiors, and thought to myself, what a man he might have been with proper ambitions and opportunities. There is as much difference between the properly cultivated of the human species and those who are not as there is between these little wild bitter Mexican potatoes and those you cultivate in your gardens. Hew a path for yourselves and give your children a chance.

"Don't get the visionary idea that because God helped Joseph Smith, the ignorant boy, to obtain a scholarship in advance of any college, that He is going to do the same for ignorant boys without them making any effort in that direction for themselves. I speak of it because I have heard that idea advanced.

"It is a fallacy; that isn't God's way, and He will never do it worlds without end. God did not educate Joseph Smith, but He aided by the light of His Holy Spirit Joseph's efforts to educate himself. Do you see the difference? 'God helps those who help themselves,' and 'faith without works is dead.' Joseph Smith was one in a thousand million, the opener of a dispensation, one of the rare spirits of whom God said, 'these will I make my rulers.' We haven't all of us arrived at that dignity yet, but if we have only one talent and make the best use of it, Father will reward us beyond the one who received ten and neglected them."

The seed of his words sank deep in

every heart whose soil was mellow and ready to receive, and not the least to see and understand was Brieve himself. He noted their listless air when the Elder first came, and their cheerful animation afterward, and the words of Henry Ward Beecher occurred to him: "Blessed is the man who has that in heart which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots."

But he was destined to hear more than one sermon that night, and the latter was the one that suggested the idea without which this account of a Frontier Santa Claus would never have been written. His bed had been made close to a rough board partition which separated his small bedroom from the living room. The fireplace was built against the partition on the other side, and the conversation of those sitting around it could be heard with little effort through the cracks between the shrunken boards. It was late, and the whole camp was wrapped in silence and slumber, with the exception of the engineer and his wife, who sat before the fire talking. They doubtless thought Brieve asleep, if they thought of him at all, and he had been dozing. Their converse was of ways and means that I am sure they would not have liked him to know about, for the poor and proud don't willingly expose their pitiful makeshifts before those who are better off. He paid little heed to them at first, but after a while a word caught his ear.

"I don't know what under heaven to get for breakfast that they can eat. They have been used to so much better things," the woman was saying. "I hate to give them beans again."

"Haven't you any venison?"

"Yes, but there isn't a spoonful of grease to fry it in. We'll have to flour the drippers till you go down again.

Maybe I could cut it small and stew it, and take the bit of milk I saved for baby for gravy. I can fix her a poached egg or something; but the skunks have got all the hens but two in spite of me; so eggs are getting scarce, too."

"Oh, well, don't fret. They won't expect much. Josie has a little molasses, and she's going to make some cookies for them to take on the road; that will help quite a bit; and Susie's got a cup of cream she's going to shake up in a fruit bottle and bring the butter over for breakfast. That will be a big help, too. I'm going to help Milly with the breakfast, and make the corn pones myself. I've got some sour dough, and that is one of the things I've learned to make in Mexico—pretty good corn bread without buttermilk! By getting it baked a few minutes ahead of time and setting it aside, it will sweat in the pans and come out when cut as sleek as if greased. Oh, poverty has its advantages," and her soft laugh rang half mockingly.

Then Brieve heard something that sounded suspiciously like a kiss. Her face had evidently lost none of its beauty for her husband at any rate. These rough toilers of the woods, when their natures are deep and sweet, are very appreciative of their yoke-fellows, though they seldom make any show of it in public. It is your selfish, shallow man who allows toil and hardship to sour his visage and congeal his sympathies.

Brieve felt like a sneak, but he didn't put his fingers in his ears, as you, dear reader, would doubtless have done. The fact is, he wanted to hear what else they had to say. Nice of him, wasn't it? But you must not judge him too harshly until you hear what use he wished to make of his information.

"Say, Joe, what did Jodson say?"

"Well, you know, I broke my wagon going down Blueberry Hill, and had to leave most of my load again. He's afraid the storms will prevent me from getting it through in time for him to fill his contract at the mines. Says he can't advance much in the way of supplies, because his own margin is short."

"Let's see—you can't start back till Friday, and it will take seven days to make the trip anyway, and if it storms much, nobody knows how long. Oh, Joe, in all these miserable years in Mexico we've never failed to have some little thing for the children's Christmas. Do you think you can manage it this time?"

"Don't know, little woman, but I'll do my best, and as Brother Norval said tonight, 'the Lord helps those who help themselves.' We won't cross the bridge till we come to it, anyway."

She had evidently been only half listening, for after a minute she said, half to herself:

"No, I haven't got a blooming rag left of all the duds I brought into Mexico, to turn wrong side out, or upside down, or hinderside before, to make anything for any of them."

He evidently understood her drift, and answered lightly, "Oh, Jane, you're getting behind the times. They don't say 'blooming rags' any more—they call 'em 'glad rags.' Come on, let's go to bed; I'm sleepy."

Brieve had had a glimpse of the under side of things, and his respect for these people had grown accordingly. He intended to make use of his knowledge by doing all the good he could; but it must be done in a way not to hurt their self-respect nor to have them suspect that he had overheard anything.

"Luckily, Milly, whoever that may be, presides in the kitchen in the

morning. We're going to have that venison fried if grease is all that's lacking."

He was out early, and his first act was to rummage the wagon. Presently he appeared at the kitchen door.

"Here's a little pail of lard we shan't need. Perhaps you can make use of it. (Heaven forgive him the fib—he'll have to buy it later on at three prices, if it is to be had at all, where goods have to be hauled over nearly a hundred miles of the roughest road this side of H—Honduras.) It is strewn with the wrecks of broken wagons like a beach at low tide, and the bones of many a faithful animal lie bleaching in the sun by the side of the track, where he laid his worn out body down in the harness to take his last long rest. I have pitied the poor dumb brutes of that country almost as much as I have pitied some of its men, women and children.

The woman came forward to take it and her eyes sparkled, for there was not only the lard but two pound packages of crackers, a can of condensed milk, and a bag of raisins.

"Something for the children's Christmas stockings," she thought, as she thanked him.

He knew they would accept nothing for his entertainment out of consideration for Mr. Norval, if nothing more, and he wanted to give every child, white and brown, a quarter to insure them at least a little for Christmas candies; but all but little Ruth were quite as shy as they had been the night before, if not more so. After several fruitless efforts to coax them up to him, he turned to one of the men and said: "What ails these kids, anyway? I never had any trouble to get children to make up to me before."

The man grinned. "Oh, they're afraid of your kodak."

"Afraid of my kodak! Why, didn't they ever see a kodak before?"

"O, yes, too many of 'em. There was an Easterner came here and took snapshots of several groups of the children and the cabins an' burros an' things. Then when he got ready to go away he got some of the kids to promise to write to him on a certain date promising to send them each a nice present as soon as he got the letter. Well, they wrote but they never heard anything more of the presents. An' a while back when some of the freighters wuz down in the valley one of our folks down there showed him an Eastern magazine, an' there wuz all them ridic'ulous picters true to life—Pete shinglin' little Joe's hair out in front of one of these crazy cabins here with the sheep shears, an' four of the kids straddle of a burro, two of 'em turned to the head an' two to the tail, an' Ruthie with a ragged apron on an' her toes stickin' out, an' some o' these Mexicans in their blankets and *tawas*; an' all them silly little letters, 'just to let his intelligent friends back in the United States see how these poor ignorant Mormons down here in Mexico lived," he said.

"You bet the kids' mothers wuz mad. They told 'em if ever they saw another man comin' with a kodak to cut an' run. An' that's what they'd a' done if you hadn't been along with Brother Norval. He was a sort of guarantee that you wouldn't make fun of 'em anyway.

"Here, you, Little English," called Brieve to the driver, laughing (his name was Darbyford, but Brieve declared he would have to call him something he could remember, and English suited him best of anything), "come and get this kodak, will you, and put it in that box in the wagon? Now kids, I couldn't get a snapshot if I had to, and the first one who jumps this log here by me gets a quarter."

They all jumped it first and last and

they all got a quarter. He had no trouble to get the children to make up to him after that.

"Only ten days to Christmas. Do you expect to get home for Christmas, Mr. Brieve?" asked Elder Norval as they rode along towards the settlements later in the day.

"Indeed yes. My little folks would be bitterly disappointed if I did not. And you?"

"I do not know if I will get through here soon enough, and it must be duty before pleasure. My little folks are mostly big now, and my wife won't expect me till she sees me coming. I have been a minute man for nearly forty years now, and she's getting used to it."

"Better come right on through to the further settlement with me now anyway. You can make your visits while I go on to the mines as we did in Oaxaca, and we can then come back to this inner tier of settlements together. It will save time."

"Yes, I think that will be best, as it will save the settlers the trouble of providing a conveyance, too."

"Let's see, how much time have you got?" said Brieve, counting the days on his fingers, for he was thinking of Christmas at home. "Eight days for this end of the business is ample, I think, then two to Casas Grandes, one to El Paso, and three to Salt Lake. I can make it, I think, but I shall have to cut close. I'd rather travel nights from now till Christmas than to miss it."

It was not a cold ride those next two days. The clouds which had been scudding before the wind settled into a solid gray pall, the wind died entirely away and the air grew soft and smothered.

"We are going to have snow," said Brother Norval, as he shook hands with Brieve in front of the bishop's house. "I hope you'll make the trip all right."

"Oh, yes, we'll make the trip all right."

But he didn't. In fact he didn't get any farther than the little hostelry around the dip of the hill. When he got up the next morning there was a foot of snow, and more coming down thickly, swiftly and steadily. There was no starting out in such a storm. This country isn't usually a Bear Lake County for snow, but for three days and three nights it ran a race with Bear Lake till there was over two feet on the level. Such a thing had never been seen or heard of since it was settled. On the morning of the third day Brieve wallowed on horseback up to where Norval was staying.

"Of course I can't go any further this trip," he conceded, in answer to Norval's greeting. "The question is, when will we be able to get out at all?"

"You will have to give up getting home for Christmas, I'm afraid, my boy."

"I'm afraid so too; but that isn't all. I have two loads of tools and merchandise for the mines, worth fifteen hundred dollars, coming somewhere between here and the top of the mountain. They ought to be looked after right away."

The bishop shook his head. "You can't stir out of here yet awhile. There isn't a track broken for fifty miles. But the snow won't lie on the ground long, it never does. If you notice, it is beginning to settle already. In six hours, kabibanocca, as the Indians call the south wind, will be getting in its work, only ours comes from the southwest. The ditches are already filling with water; in twelve hours there will be places in the road down the canyon that will swim a horse. It will take several days for it to run off, but as soon as it is possible for you to get through I will fix you up with a saddle horse and pack mule and a couple of the boys can go

with you to see you safely to the other settlements."

"All right. Thank you. The landlord down there says this will send the river a-booming."

"It may be two weeks before it can be forded."

"How are you getting on with your work, Mr. Norval? Do you think you will be ready to go by the time I can?"

"I have been busy in spite of the storm. Yes, there is no doubt I will have finished this little town before we can go back."

"Little English," stayed to bring the rig back again, and by the twenty-second Norval and Brieve were both back to the first tier of mountain settlements, where Brieve paid the boys who had accompanied them liberally, and sent them on their way rejoicing. Then he hired fresh horses and pushed on in search of his outfits. But before he started he sought out his friend and unfolded a little plot which had been forming in his brain ever since he learned he could not reach his own home until after the holidays.

"None of those people at the lumber camp will be over to the settlement for the merry makings but those men whose parents or wives or sweethearts are here. I heard one of the women say so. If I can find those teams within a day's journey of here I think I should rather spend my Christmas at the mill. They will be feeling rather dull and that will suit my mood—we'll all be dull together. Good-bye for the present, I will see you again," and he rode away smiling, doubtless in pleasant anticipation of being dull.

Everything had been going even rather rougher than usual at the mill. Joe Bryce with three or four other men had done their best, as Joe had said he would, to get their lumber into the valley and get back in time "to make a lit-

tle Christmas for the kids;" but the storm came on almost at the outset and it began to look as though all the profits on the loads would be eaten up by the teams before they could toil their weary way back again through the snow.

As for the waiting ones at home, there were graver anxieties than "no Christmas for the children," for supplies were almost exhausted, there being nothing but a peck of potatoes and a little corn meal and salt left.

The mill course was not running, most of the hands having gone home for Christmas. Two white men were left to look after the camp, one of the Mexicans was gone with the freighters, the other one was lying in his house sick.

"It's a good time to hunt turkeys, Mrs. Bryce. Do you think you women folk would mind being left here alone a few hours?"

"Go, by all means," she answered, "we will be all right. We have about got to where it is 'duck or no dinner' anyway."

"We haven't got much ammunition, but we're going to bring down something for every shot. I don't know whether we could run across a deer without going out so far we would have to stay all night, the hunters up here lately have driven them out so far, but there can't anything run very fast through this snow."

So the women hunted about for old gunnysacks to wrap their feet, and rags for cleaning their guns—"even rags were getting scarce," one of them said, with a little laugh—tucked a bit of corn bread into their pockets and watched them out of sight. Then they finished their little tasks, and making a big, cheery fire in the cookhouse sat down to wait.

Ah, this waiting! that is so often the woman's share. How wearily the hours

drag! How the anxieties and the imagination run riot together! How would we bear it could we not consign our loved ones to the care of our Father.

When Brieve rode up to the door about three in the afternoon his coming was a pleasant diversion, for the children especially, and they all greeted him cordially. He looked after his horse, helped the little twelve-year-old lad chop and carry in the firewood, and then had a rare old game of romps with the children. Down on his hands and knees, with little Ruth as hunter, they played bear. Then there were no lights but the fire—the quart or two of coal oil must be saved to grease the saw in case the men failed to bring any—and the shadowy corners made splendid places for a game of hide and seek. He was in fine spirits, for he had found his outfits not far away sheltered quite comfortably a little distance from the road under some huge, shelving rocks that were almost like caves, and everything in good condition. They were in the middle of a game of “snap and catch it”—and the children were shouting noisily when the lad who had been sent for a pail of water announced, “Here’s yer hunters, mother, with five turkeys and two deer.”

“Good!” “Golly!” “Ge whiz!” “Ain’t that flip?” And in the general bustle and confusion Brieve slipped away to his old quarters. He was tired, and there was work for him tomorrow. He slept heavily and did not awake until called to breakfast. The broiled vension and hot corn cake were delicious—an honest appetite is a fine sauce to a plain meal, but he would have given a silver dollar for a good cup of coffee to go with it. He was careful however not to hint it. They were astonished when they saw him making preparations to go on. (They knew nothing of his outfits and he took

good care that they learned nothing, it might spoil his fun).

“Why, it is Christmas eve. Surely you would rather spend Christmas with us than to be traveling on the road when it is so disagreeable under foot. The men will be here soon, I think, and then we can make you more comfortable. And Ruthie has taken such a notion to you; she’s crying already because she sees you getting ready to go. Better stay.”

“Couldn’t possibly, Mrs. Bryce, business, you know. Come and give me two kisses, little Ruth, one for yourself and one for the other little Ruth so far away,” and waving a final adieu he rode away. A few miles out he turned out of the regular road into a side path and soon came up to where the wagons were camped. “Cheer up, my hearties; you’re sorry you can’t spend Christmas with your folks and I’m sorry I can’t spend it with mine, but we’re going to wrest a jolly Christmas out of this old trip or know the reason why,” and then he told them what he meant to do.

They both grinned approval. “Shift the loads so I can get at what we’ll want, and don’t make much of a racket for we are not very far from the road and we don’t want any of the other teamsters to know but what we got through here and on toward the mines days ago.” They worked with a will and various mysterious packages and bundles were separated from the bulk of the load and stowed away by themselves under the wagon on a blanket. Then one of the men attended to the animals while the other fried some ham and made some coffee. They had just finished their supper when they heard the creak of wagons passing by on the road.

“Run, Billy, and see if it’s the mill teams, but, mind you, don’t let them see you.”

Presently he returned and reported in the affirmative. "Good again, now all is plain sailing. Throw on another log or two, Jim. It's getting pretty chilly and we won't start till sundown." Brieve busied himself with his notebook till time to go and the other two sat and gossiped and whittled. "Now fix the things on the horses, boys, and let's be off."

As it was several miles and very slushy, they each rode a horse, arranging their packages around them, and a very *fetching* procession they would have made had there been anybody there to see. Brieve rode in lead, with his pockets and saddlebags stuffed; Billy came next, with four shawls and two *sarapes* (Mexican head shawls) wound around him, a sheep bell in each hand and a sack tied on behind; and Jimmie brought up the rear, with a ham hanging from the horn of the saddle, a pail of lard dangling from each boot toe, a sack of flour at his back, a broom in his hand, and a pink wool fascinator on his head.

"I say, you, Billy, don't let that sack slide off," called out Jimmie through, the dusk. "That's Chihuahua strait grade, ten dollars a sack up here."

"Oh, no it isn't, its the gimcracks I've got here. You've got the flour on behind yourself. No wonder your brains are getting addled with that hood-thing on your head. Oh, and its purty you are. What do you think you're nice respectable wife u'd say if she could see yer now?" "She'd say I was Santa Claus'es Chief Cook an' Bottle Washer."

"Well she wouldn't. She'd say ye wuz the Ould Nick, wid both horns on."

* * * * Hist, Billy! Jimmie calls in a stage whisper though they are still three miles from camp. "Muffle them bells so we won't be heard till we'er ready." After awhile Brieve goes on ahead to quiet the dogs, and reconnoitre. "I think the coast is clear, boys," he

whispered; "they all seem to be in the cook house. I can hear a banjo strumming in there. Tie the horses to the mill shed, on the other side * * * *

Where's the cotton batting, Billy? Stand in the shadow, Jim, and hold the torch steady. If you get it into this batting I'm a 'gorner.' Stuff a little cotton around those bell clappers so as to muffle the sound a little, they must just "chink, chink, a little so as to sound like sleighbells. * * *

All ready now—let me just peep in at the window a minute. He tiptoed around to the window and peered cautiously in. The men were grouped at one end of the table around a smoky lamp with no chimney. They had a soiled pocket note-book on the table before them and were evidently balancing accounts relative to their trip. Two of the women, a white woman and a Mexican, were washing dishes at the other end, the others were grouped about the fire. Some were getting the younger children ready for bed. Mrs. Bryce was stirring a mixture in a saucepan over the fire for the sick Mexican who sat at the corner of the hearth in an old arm chair; his wife was sitting close to the blaze putting the last stitch into an intricate piece of drawn work; two of the little girls were playing checkers, with black and white buttons for tallies, another was conning her lesson, and the rest of the children were hanging about the knees of the Mexican with the banjo.

"They are in there, every soul of them," whispered Brieve, gleefully. Billy shook the bells close outside the door. The confusion of sound suddenly ceased and every eye turned to the door. Then they looked wonderingly at each other. The soft clamor sounded like sleighbells, but to their certain knowledge there wasn't a sleighbell in the whole colonies. They waited a few seconds in perplexed expectancy and then the old

wooden latch was raised, the door turned on its clumsy wooden hinges, and in walked the jolliest old Santa Claus they had ever imagined. His long white beard swept his breast and elf locks peeped out from under his fur cap to which was fastened a twig of juniper berries and a bunch of red maple leaves. His white mustaches bristled across a face which beamed with all old Santa's proverbial geniality under its grotesque daub of red chalk, and an extra touch of carmine had been added to the tip of a jolly big nose. His coat was turned wrong side out and flakes of snow (cotton batting of course) and bits of oak greenery were pinned here and there to hide the familiar brown corduroy suit. An immense gunny sack was tied to his shoulders out of the top of which appeared all sorts of miscellaneous articles: a broom with the brush end sticking out over his head and the handle tied with bunches of onions, bright colored calicoes with the ends trailing out over the sides; shoes, socks, stockings, handkerchiefs, caps, and bright tin cups filled with candy. He marched three times round the room, followed by two other caricatures, with coats turned wrong side out, one carrying a pine bough from which dangled the ham and lard pails, with bottles of pickles, tins of salmon and tomatoes, and mysterious parcels done up in newspapers—the other followed with a sack of flour on his shoulder, which he threw on the table after he had trotted around till it got too heavy.

Santa Claus thrust his hands deep into his pockets and began to toss peanuts and apples in every direction, and while the children scrambled for them, the men helped him off with the sack and he went around shaking hands and tossing candy into their laps, and distributing presents, until he came to little Ruth, who sat in her mother's lap. "Here, Ruthie, is the cutest pair of little

red shoes, with black buttons and tips. They are yours, but I must have a kiss first." "Tate vat fite fing off your face, Buzzer Br'ave, and zen I tiss you." He laughingly complied. "I wish this old Santa had had some dollies, but they all gave out before I got here."

"We think these beautiful shoes much nicer than dollies, don't we, Ruthie?" said her mother; and though her lips were smiling, there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, say, somebody, fetch the scissors here, will ye? The gum has run off that pine bough, down me neck, and me hair is stuck tight to me coat collar." Jimmie sat on the wood box, quietly enjoying Billy's discomfiture—he had forgotten all about the pink hood on his head. Billy spied him, and turned the laugh on him by exclaiming: "Look at Friar Tuck, with his night cap on. Won't I tell his wife what a bloomin' bloke he is when he's away from home." "Oh, yes," said Brieve, who had forgotten the hood too, "this is for the girl who can tell us the prettiest story tomorrow, about why we celebrate Christmas; and this," taking his own pearl-handled knife from his pocket, "is for the boy who can give us the best account of the life and labors of President Diaz."

After the children were snugly tucked into bed, and the evening's jollity over, the women, by common consent, gathered about the table where the eatables had been deposited, and took an inventory of their materials for a Christmas dinner. Besides the things mentioned there were spices, sugar, syrup, rice, and coffee—they already had the raisins he had given them before, which they had saved for the children's stockings. "And then, the turkeys and venison," said Millie; "Oh, won't we have a spread!" Mrs. Bryce laughed half hysterically. They at once began planning the best

way of cooking and arranging things, but here careful old Aunt Martha, who had seen ten years of struggle in Mexico, interposed, her old hands trembling lovingly among the packages. "I wouldn't put it all on to onc't, girls. It 'u'd be a feast today and a famine tomorrow. Let's be savin' of it." "Oh, but it didn't cost us anything, Aunt Martha, and we've got plenty, such as it is, of what our own men-folks brought, to last till they go again, after New Year's. We can't, for shame sake, be saving and stingy with what has been given us by such open-handed, considerate kindness, and for a certain purpose, too. No, for once, in this God-forsaken country we're going to have a spread."

And spread they did—such a dinner as had never before graced the bare white boards of the cook-house table, and, perhaps, never would again.

Long before Brieve was out of bed the next morning, the men and boys of the camp had cut and placed in the middle of the cook-house floor a beautiful cedar tree, (chosen instead of pine on account of it exuding no gum to spoil the gifts put on it), and had, by the help of the women, tastefully arranged all the presents of the night before, thereon, adding the dolls and harmonicas, purchased with the quarters Brieve had given the children, of which he as yet knew nothing. Then they hung two handsome doilies of Mexican drawn work, with the inscription "For Santa Clause, and Elder John Norval, from the ladies of the camp." Then the men nailed over-lapping boughs of pine around on the rough log walls, and to the smoky rafters overhead, till they were completely concealed and the room looked like a bower. While Mrs. Bryce and Millie hustled around with preparations for the Christmas dinner, the newly married ladies tidied the children (just to get their hand in, one

of the men remarked, facetiously) and the two Mexican women scrubbed the cook-house floor as white as snow. They were just setting dinner on the table, when who should ride up to the door but Brother Norval. "As surprises were in order, I thought I would spring one, too. Mr. Brieve gave me a hint of what he intended to do and I couldn't let him have it all to himself. A royal Christmas to you all! God bless you."

He took due notice of the tree and the presents and decorations, but what gave him most pleasure was the improved appearance of the natives and the evident good feeling and fraternity between them and his own beloved people.

After dinner they had an impromptu programme. The ladies sang a carol; the Mexican with the banjo played a fandango; Brieve recited "Willie's and Annie's Christmas;" and the little boy and girl who won the prizes offered for the best exposition of Christmas, and the best description of the life and labors of President Diaz, did so well that Brieve prevailed on them to do it again before the whole company. Then the Elder spoke a few minutes in a most happy vein. Among other things he said: "Such acts and feelings as these, generally accepted and practiced, would speedily efface all racial and denominational differences and bring about the recognition of universal brotherhood, for it is *true religion*, the very essence of the Spirit of Christ."

The visitors soon after took their departure, but I will venture to assert that none of the beneficiaries have ever forgotten their Frontier Santa Claus, and Brieve still speaks of his Christmas among the Mormons of Mexico as one of the happiest of his life, so much does the doing of a good deed bless him that gives as well as him that takes.

Sarah E. Pearson.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - DEC. 15, 1903.

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THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS.



AS the season of mirth and festivities approaches, in which the home is astir with the busy preparations of family gatherings and gifts, it may be worth our while to forego some of those selfish anticipations and hopes in the interest and happiness of others, especially of the poor. There is, perhaps, no day in all the year so hard to bear, by those of meager means and partial destitution, as Christmas day. The profusion of gifts in the homes of neighbors, and the merry throng of the social world, together with the

shouts of joy over the happy surprises and luxurious presents in well-to-do homes, emphasize in the feelings of the poor their unfortunate condition, and remind them by striking contrast of those differences which we would all gladly abolish if it were in our power to order otherwise.

Wealth, however, is not the greatest gift of God to man. It is inferior to health when health is wanting in the enjoyment of wealth; and both dwindle before a virtuous and conscientious life when possessed without such a life. And so it may not be easy to determine who are and who are not the most fortunate and most likely to enjoy the sweet influences of the Christmas home. We may then be thoughtful not alone of the poor and the sick, but of struggling humanity in its effort to attain a better and more virtuous status of living than it has ever known. Our joys then, may be doubly impressive, if enriched by a brotherly love and by a true concern for the happiness of others. He who does not step beyond the portals of his own home in a heartfelt wish to contribute to the happiness of others, can never really know that Christmas joy which we love to think is based upon a life which is Christ-like.

If our gifts are simple, appropriate and modest, they may reach more homes than where they are extravagant and demonstrative. Christmas time ought not to be a season of extravagance, and costly gifts are not appropriate. The thought of Christmas is that it is a day

of universal rejoicing, a day when all may feel some touch of the universal brotherhood of man, a day when all are leveled by a common joy and universal delight. Those, therefore, who would choose such an occasion to parade their wealth and make the lowly feel the hard and often unhappy conditions of worldly favors, are actuated by thoughtless and selfish motives. They have more pride than charity and more money than sense. It is to be hoped that there are few such among the Latter-day Saints.

But Christmas is children's day, and its delights and surprises are mostly for them. However material and selfish their little lives may be, they are still sensitive to the feelings of love and tenderness of the home. What a fortunate home it is then wherein parental cares and anxieties are suspended for the children's sake! Parents may well drop the weightier matters of life and go back in memory to their own childhood days and gather from them such reminiscences as will make them children again. It will not hurt them to turn back to childhood's happy days. It may bring to their lives the good cheer and sweet and virtuous simplicity of childhood's innocent ways. Let parents then throw off the restraints of their busy and active life and enter with enthusiastic joy into the festivities of their children's Christmas day.

Nature is kind and forgiving and allows with parental indulgence many excesses, but her indulgence has its bounds and she must punish where excesses are extreme and vicious. Wisdom dictates that we should be prudent in our joys and moderate in our mirth. We should safeguard then Christmas day by a spirit of moderation and self-restraint. It too often and unfortunately happens that some seek artificial stimulation on

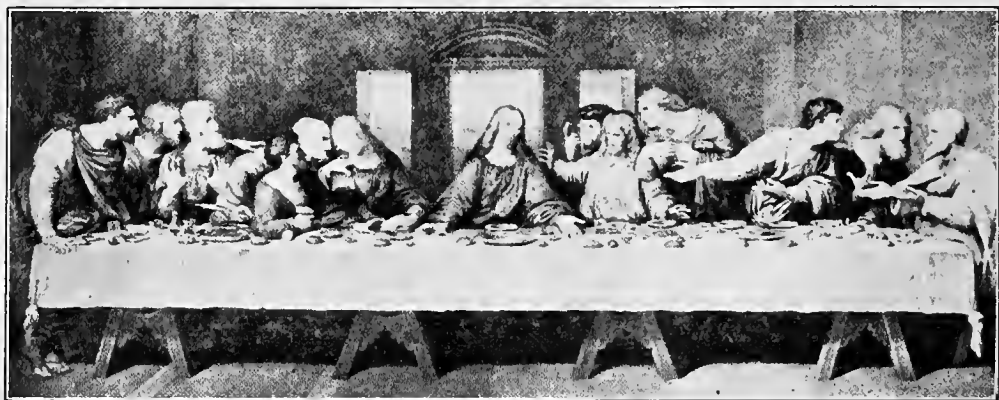
Christmas day and indulge in intoxicating drinks. There is no joy, no mirth so wholesome and lasting as that which Nature affords in her simple and undefiled ways of dealing with human life. There are limits to our mirth and danger points beyond which we may not safely go.

Christmas has its lessons of life; it may teach us to appreciate the bounties of a most benevolent Creator. Our sense of appreciation then may be so strong as to magnify the joys of the simplest gift and the pleasures that come from a spoken word of good cheer and congratulation. Among our gifts none, perhaps, may be more prized and more cheering than words of encouragement and kindness. It is a mistake to suppose that such words are easily given. If heartfelt and sincere, they are the products of an enriched soul and a love approaching Godlike sincerity. If then during the year that is past we have cultivated feelings of human interest and universal brotherhood, we may impart lavishly a good will and a lofty inspiration to those who would be enriched thereby. We extend to our readers a happy Christmas greeting and wish them many returns of the day, and may each succeeding Christmas fall upon lives holier, and therefore happier, than they have ever been before.

Joseph F. Smith.



As a token of our good will to our patrons, while wishing them the compliments of the season, we present them with a Christmas number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR which contains twenty-four extra pages of reading matter. We trust they will enjoy its perusal.



THE LAST SUPPER.

CHRISTMAS TALES.

A winter's fire burned warm and bright;
There sat the household gay;
And they were telling tales that night,
Of many a bygone day.

James told a story long and wild
Of hunting exploits bold;
And Ethel, bless the darling child,
A fairy tale then told.

"Now, Mary dear, 'tis time for you
To lay your sewing by,
And tell to us a story true,
To make the moments fly."
Then Sister Mary raised her head,
And gave her work a fold;
They listened to each word she said,
And this is what she told:

Across the ocean wide and wild,
In England, years ago,
There grew a very lovely child
To womanhood, you know.
Her eyes were of the Saxon blue,
And brown her waving hair,
And loved by every one she knew,
Was Dorothy the fair.

A well respected family
Was Dorothy's, I trow;
They walked as nearly right, you see,
As they had light to go.
They went to church and paid their dues;
Led honest lives and true;
Had learned to steadily refuse
The wine glass, old or new.

Of Christmas Eve I tell, you know,
In England's land so gay;
The crowds were rushing to and fro,
Preparing for the day

That they believed gave unto men
A great Redeemer kind,
Who suffered death, thus freeing them,
Eternal life to find.

The shades of night were falling fast,
The winds blew cold and shrill;
Two travelers, walking swiftly past,
There, suddenly, stood still
Before the door of Dorothy's home;
She answered to their call,
"Come in, come in, no farther roam,
Our door stands ope' to all."

The father with extended hand
The strangers welcome made,
They joined that merry family band,
And when the cloth was laid,
They shared the dainty meal, and then,
In voice of pleasant cheer,
Said father, "Kindly, gentlemen,
Tell us what brings you here."

And then a wondrous tale they told,
How God unto a boy
The Gospel glories did unfold,
To fill the world with joy;
And they had left their friends and home,
Their wives and children too,
As messengers of Christ to roam,
And give His warning true.

"My sheep will know my voice," so said
The Master long ago;
"And by my servants will be led
The Gospel truths to know"
This worthy family heard the call,
They knew the Master's voice,
And to its summons hearkened, all,
And bowed, each one by choice.

Oh, what a glorious Christmas day
 Dawned unto them next morn!
 Baptized, as in the Savior's way,
 They all anew were born.
 They spoke and sang their praise to God,
 That He had thus sent forth
 His servants with the precious word
 Of warning through the earth.

But ere the fleeting months had brought
 Another Christmas blest,
 Brave Dorothy alone had sought
 The Zion in the West.
 Though parted by the ocean wide
 From those she loved so dear,
 She sought at merry Christmastide
 To fill all hearts with cheer.

And when another year had passed,
 And Christmas time came round,
 Her hand another's hand had clasped.
 For she her mate had found.
 To far off Wales the good word came,
 John Griffith heard the call,
 And knew the truth, received the same,
 Left home and kindred all

That here among God's chosen few
 His lot might e'er be cast;
 'Twas here he met our Dorothy true,
 His heart's own choice at last.
 Though meek and lowly was the cot
 In which they made their home,
 They never grumbled at their lot,
 To Zion they had come.

The passing years brought little ones
 To that home, sweet, though small;
 Four daughters and four noble sons,
 And they were welcome all.
 Oh! what a happy group was this,
 And Oh! what Christmas days;
 'Twould swell each youngster's heart with bliss
 To carol Christmas lays.

Ensuing years sped swiftly by,
 Young John to manhood grown,
 A mission filled in Hawaii,
 Returning to "his own,"
 A wife he chose, bright as young May,
 John Griffith's eldest son
 And his fair bride, on Christmas day,
 Their two hearts pledged as one.

The walls were decked with holly gay,
 And all with cheer was bright;
 Oh, such a joyous wedding day!
 And what a pleasant sight
 Met John and Dorothy's glad gaze
 As sitting hand in hand,
 They from their hearts to God gave praise
 For their fair, happy band.

Years pass'd; another Christmas day
 Came with its merry cheer;
 John Griffith bowed his head, now gray,
 But Dorothy was not near.
 The Master's voice had called her home
 Unto the land of rest;
 Her loved companion sat alone,
 Sad, lonely and depress'd.

One short year more he lingered on,
 Then Father called him, too;
 He gladly laid the mortal down
 To rest from earthly view.
 Their forms are sleeping side by side
 On Mother Earth's calm breast;
 Their spirits, o'er the surging tide
 Are mingling with the blest.

Oh! could we see and hear today,
 Across the river deep,
 Where loved ones who have pass'd away,
 Their joyous festals keep;
 We'd hear a gladder Christmas tale
 Than to this life belongs;
 As John and Dorothy we'd hail,
 And join their Christmas songs.

Laura Moench Jenkins.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 724.)

THE greater part of the Cathedral was destroyed by fire, 1184. The construction of the nave in the east end, is peculiar to this building, and is very noticeable. Here is the altar,

which is purely Norman, but during the present bishop's rule, it has been embellished with much gold, and, the light falling upon it, gives it a very costly appearance.

Passing through an aisle and chapel, the steps by which the pilgrims ascend to the shrine of Thomas a Becket are full in view. Broad, but deeply worn, they are; the pilgrims passing up one side and down the other, have worn them more than an inch deep—perhaps two inches—so that it is difficult to ascend them, they are so deeply indented and ragged.

Years ago, at least since the middle ages, but few pilgrims visited the shrine; but now they come by thousands, from all parts. Many are beautifully dressed in white, with expensive embroideries lavishly used. Until lately, they also paraded the streets of Canterbury, bearing pictures of the cross, the Virgin Mary, candles and other symbols of Catholicism. But the municipality has decreed that in the future these things shall not be exhibited in the streets, though they are not forbidden to parade. Think of the spectacle presented at such a time, and behold the sure trend of the world towards the Mother Church.

Many wonder why so many more visit the shrine than formerly; but those who watch the rapidity with which one event treads on the heels of another, can see the fulfillment of prophecy, and judge that not many years hence, England will have returned to Catholicism. There is not much difference now, the main one being the celibacy of the clergy. A paper, not long ago, contained an account of a Church of England priest who deserted his wife and family, leaving a note informing her that she would never see him again, as he had taken orders in the Catholic Church. A few feel alarmed over the spread of the old faith, and have appealed to the Crown, but no decisive step has been taken, so it goes on. Some have complained to other dignitaries of the Church, and, in some instances, the bishops have been

summoned to appear before ecclesiastical courts, but meanwhile, one can pass by some of the churches and see the censer's red light, which never dies out.

Many beautiful monuments have been placed in this Cathedral, to the memory of distinguished heroes, who fell in the defense of England. The tomb of the Black Prince, in the Trinity Chapel, is in an excellent state of preservation: a figure of himself, dressed in mail, reclining upon it. It is artistically beautiful as becomes the resting place for one of so chivalrous a character. Over it are hanging the surcoat, gloves, shield and scabbard of the Prince, which were most probably borne at his funeral procession. On a wooden cover, which hangs over the figure, is a representation of the Holy Trinity, the special object of the devotion of the prince.

The portion of the crypt, under the south-east transept, is called the Black Prince's Chantry. Its architecture having been re-modeled from Norman to decorated, at the cost of the Black Prince, when he married his cousin, Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. The Chantry is now used as the French Protestant Church. The Huguenot Refugees, from France, settled in Canterbury, in the Sixteenth Century, and the use of the crypt was granted to them by Queen Elizabeth, for their worship. The church of the Huguenots still exists, and services in French are held there every Sunday, at 3 p. m.

Trinity Chapel is at the end of "Ernulf's Choir," as reconstructed after the fire of 1174. All east of this, which is in some ways the most interesting part of the chapel, was built entirely from the ground for the seeming purpose to receive the remains of St. Thomas. It was his shrine, evidently, which gave it its special importance. It is known to this day as the Trinity



THE MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

Chapel, and it is built on the site of that earlier Trinity Chapel, for which the murdered archbishop had such a special reverence; there was the altar at which he celebrated his first mass, and in the crypt his remains reposed for some time.

The shrine of Thomas a Becket occupied the centre of the upper platform, and may be traced on the floor, upon which the depression is made by the feet of the pilgrims who visited it. The enclosed pavement is composed of the original steps and platform of the shrine, and is partly of rich African marble, resembling the tiling of today, or mosaics, only more curious. Two pillars to the north and south and two pillars to the east, are of the same material. These are said to be the gift of a pope to the shrine, as they once formed part of a Roman temple. The shrine itself was simply the coffin of the saint, which was lavishly adorned and cased with gold and precious stones. It rested on a structure of stone arches, about five or six feet high, and was concealed under a wooden cover, working on pulleys, like many covers of fonts, in churches of the present day. When raised, plates of precious metal, studded with jewels of fabulous value, were revealed to the worshipful gaze of the pilgrims; the most remarkable of which were pointed out to us by the attendant with a white wand.

This shrine was destroyed by order of Henry VIII. These treasures filled two huge chests, each of which took six or seven strong men to carry out when Harry appropriated this wealth to himself.

At the west of the shrine stood an altar, west of which was another altar, a gate in the railings, just between the altar and the beautiful fragment of Indian marble pavement, which is a

part of English history written in stone. Like the tomb of Henry III in Westminster Abbey, it is entirely Italian in construction, and is a reminder of the Italian influences of that unhappy time, when the pope filled English bishoprics and benefices with foreigners, thus drawing from England more revenues than the king himself.

By the side of this pavement are some interesting circular stones, with representations of the seasons and signs of the zodiac, also symbols of both virtues and vices.

East of the Black Prince is the cenotaph of Archbishop Courtnay, before whom Wycliffe, one of the reformers, was brought for trial. Still further east is a plain, brick structure, erected over the remains of Odet Coligny, Cardinal of Chatillon, and brother of the well known Admiral Coligny, who was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Like his brother Odet, he had Protestant sympathies, and fled from France.

The circular space at the extreme end of the building is called Becket's Crown, probably as being the head or crown of the church. It is said that a portion of Becket's skull must have been there. On the north side is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last Archbishop to acknowledge the authority of the Pope over the Church of England. He died the day after his cousin, Queen Mary. The marble chair seen here, formed of three pieces of Purbeck marble is known as St. Augustine's Chair. Why it is so named does not appear, save that in it all his successors are enthroned. It was probably made for the great ceremony, of the translation of the remains of St. Thomas, A. D. 1220. It is not in shape unlike an easy chair of today, about a three quarter back. The stone is rather dark, or dingy yellow. If, as tradition says, all the Archbishops have been enthroned

in it, it is truly historical. It stands alone in its glory, immediately under the part known as Becket's Crown. The roof here resembles a crown somewhat; it is very high and beautifully arched, with stone decorations. Near here is the tomb of Henry IV, the only monarch interred in the cathedral.

The Norman chapel of St. Andrews also escaped the fire, and the choir vestry. On the side of the wall lower down, is an old Bible chained to the wall, and known as the "Chain Bible," with date 1572. Here, too, it is thought are the remains of a well, whence the water was drawn in which the archbishop was washed after his murder. On the side of the wall is some Norman arcading, that has been exposed to view, having been plastered over years ago. It looks very peculiar, and one could scarcely call it beautiful, still in the days of its glory it may have been—in the long past twelfth century.

We are now opposite the choir. The organ has one thousand six hundred and sixty one pipes. It was remodeled in 1886; it is connected with the bellows by electricity. Changes have been made here, as elsewhere. Before the Reformation, the marble chair of the archbishop stood almost in the same position as that now occupied by the altar;

while on either side of it, and not unlikely above and below it, were cases containing relics of saints. By the steps on the north side, was the altar and shrine of St. Elphege, the archbishop murdered by the Danes in 1012.

Now we stand before the painting, Thomas a Becket and his murderers. The priest officiating before the altar, is stricken to death and falls, his blood bedewing the stone of the altar. This is the spot on which we now stand, that witnessed this terrible scene. The square piece of stone indicates the exact spot. A portion of the wall of that day remains, it is quite rough. It doubtless was a secret stair case, known only to the monks and priests. This part of the church is called the Martyrdom. Thomas a Becket, the archbishop, had entered from the cloister, and was ascending the steps beyond, when the knights entered by the same door. He was partially concealed from view by the pillar, just east of which he was killed. The altar is called the Altar of Martyrdom. A portion of the sword which was broken on the pavement has been preserved.

Thinking of the murders and crimes committed in the name of religion, one is led to exclaim, "O religion, how much blood has been shed in thy name."

Lydia D. Alder.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

IN a letter addressed by the First Presidency to the presidents of stakes and bishops and bearing the date October 29, 1890, we find these earnest words: "The all-absorbing motive that led the great majority of the Latter-day Saints to forsake their homes in the various nations to dwell in these mountain valleys was an ardent desire to serve the Lord more perfectly and

with a better understanding. In too many instances, in the course of years, this grand object has been lost sight of in the toil for daily existence, and less noble aims have largely taken the place of the endeavor to learn the ways of the Lord and of the effort to walk in His paths. This benumbing influence on our spiritual life is widely felt in our homes, and more particularly effects our children, whose faith in the

great latter-day work has not been developed and strengthened by the experience which their elders have had in lands beyond the borders of Zion." These are strong and important words which no Latter-day Saint can afford to lose sight of.

The hardships endured by the Mormon people during their extraordinary history have always appeared to outsiders as altogether out of proportion to the end sought. And indeed the toil and suffering endured by them have been singularly severe. The great majority of the people, when in their native lands, were living in comparative prosperity and happiness, and were respected by their neighbors and all who knew them. They embraced the Gospel and this condition of things was largely changed. Their friends ridiculed and despised them for joining a faith everywhere looked upon as the embodiment of all that is evil; their relatives in many cases turned them out of doors and refused to own them because they had connected themselves with a people whom everyone viewed as ignorant and wicked; and in numerous instances they were dismissed from their daily employment because, being Mormons, their services were no longer required. Under these conditions, the like of which we shall look for in vain in the lives of other people, they found it no easy task to sever at once the tender cords that bound them to their former home and native land. Nevertheless they did all this. And the early Saints, in coming to Zion, were not infrequently called upon to face conditions that were a still higher test of their endurance. Public sentiment was against them; they were robbed of their hard-earned possessions and driven from their homes by mobs; and several hundreds of them lost their lives in consequence of exposure to violence and inclement weather. Then followed those melancholy scenes of privation and suffering consequent upon the journey to Utah and the settlement of a desolate country. But the Saints, buoyed up by a hope that nothing could crush, little regretted the combination of circumstances that drove them into the wilderness for a season. In connecting themselves with the Church, therefore, the Saints have abandoned comfortable homes and pleasant surroundings across the seas for the prospects of poverty and persecution with the people of God; and have accepted the painful life of pioneers in a desert, when they might have been enjoying the blessings and refinements of civilization in other places.

But it is an error to suppose that the hard-

ships, great as they are in themselves, are great in proportion to the end the people had in view. On the contrary the Saints have always regarded them as small in comparison with the high aims they kept in mind. They came out of the world because the voice of the Lord had called them. They were chosen to take part in establishing once more the true Church on the earth. They left cheerfully the dear creeds of men that they might embrace a living faith, which promised a renewal of the ancient gifts and blessings of the Church. Hence they counted as insignificant the jeers of the world, and its persecution and violence, too, when compared with the fact that they were trying to serve the Lord more perfectly. They chose "rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," and enduring all these things patiently, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Now, if the Saints, after sacrificing so much for their faith, should fail to plant in the hearts of their children the same uncompromising integrity for the truth they would very naturally feel that they had largely failed in their life's work. To a Latter-day Saint, thoroughly grounded in his religion, there can be nothing more painful than to see his children depart from ways of truth, and he will therefore leave nothing undone that he can do to preserve his sons and daughters in the Church. He will do all in his power to surround them with influences that contribute to growth of faith in the Lord and His work in the earth. It is for this reason that the word of God to the Church in these days is so strict in enjoining upon the Saints the necessity of training their children in the fear of Him. No pains have been spared, therefore, by the leaders of the Church, from the beginning to the present, to create and encourage institutions that would establish faith in the hearts of the young people. The Sunday Schools, the Primary Associations and the young men's and young ladies' Improvement Associations, owe their origin to this spirit in the presiding Priesthood. The authorities of the Church have clearly seen that, with all that the parents can do for their children by precept and example, and with all that the local officers of the auxiliary societies may do towards making and fostering favorable conditions, there are still countless avenues of temptation open to the unsuspecting feet of the young men and women of Zion.

Nevertheless, as stated in the letter quoted at

the beginning of this article, the Saints, in their struggle with material things, have, to a greater or less extent, forgotten the high motive that induced them to come to this land. Prosperity and peace, coupled with a desire to add to their earthly possessions, have in many instances displaced the objects which the people had, in embracing the Church and settling in these western states. Parents in whom spiritual aims have been thus supplanted by material ones, have rested content with what religion their children could pick up at home and at the meetings of the organizations to which they belonged. They have sometimes lost track of the fact that during that part of their children's lives which is the most impressionable, the young boys and girls are under other influences than those which are found in their homes; and the fathers and mothers have not enquired closely enough into the effects of these influences on the lives of their children. Other parents there are who imagine, contrary to all human experience, that in the life of each young man in the Church, so much "wild oats" must be sowed and that, because of good parentage and the ordinances of the priesthood, he will return to the narrow way to reap a rich harvest of good fruit from the sorry crop which he planted in his youth.

Such of the Saints as have been thus led away from the proper motive that should actuate our lives, have begun to see that this course is wrong. They have come to know what Solomon meant when he said: "*Train* a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And they have earnestly asked, "What can we do to preserve our children from the evil influences which we have made so many sacrifices to escape from?"

NOTES.

1. *Conference of Alpine Stake.*—The Alpine Stake held its conference of religion classes Sunday, Nov. 22. The work seems to be in a flourishing condition there. Two meetings were held, an officers' meeting in the morning and a general meeting in the afternoon. Nearly all the teachers of the day schools are engaged in religion class work. The instructors are very enthusiastic over this work. The presidency of the stake and the bishops lend their encouragement to the teachers. One teacher reported that every member of the day school was a regular attendant at the religion classes and that the younger children, who are dismissed an hour or so earlier than the others, invariably return to the classes. Another reported that religion classes were the most flourishing organization in the ward, inasmuch as nearly everybody in the ward attended, grown people as well as children.

2. *Class Exercise at Conferences.*—It is a good idea to have a class exercise at Religion Class conferences for the benefit of those parents who are not yet converted to our work. But care should be taken to make the exercise as distinctively religion class work as possible. Especially is this true of the third, fourth, and fifth steps. In the third and fourth steps, for instance, the subjects given should be chosen because of their practical nature. It is probably better in most cases to omit altogether the testimonies of the children, for being given in public, they are likely to be more or less mechanical; and anything that savors of the mechanical is to be avoided in this work.



THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss,
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;

But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices
For a sweet, childish voice at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

Selected.



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XX.

Sickness—Bible stories and "Buffalo Bill Book"—Aunt Patience—Parable of the good Samaritan—Halo gets well—Doctrine and Covenants—Five little missions—Trying experiences and special providences—Another Christmas—Conclusion.

The ills and sufferings which we bear,
We never should account as vain;
They are to teach us how to share
And feel and soothe another's pain.
Oft things which seem severe indeed,
But teach the lessons we most need.

SUCH good results were continuing from Halo's attendance at school, it was a great disappointment to all concerned when he was taken very ill, and had to remain at home. The poor child suffered with a high fever, and his eyes were so inflamed and swollen, he could not see the pictures in his "Child's Bible." But still nothing seemed to comfort and satisfy him but to have his mother sit beside his bed, day and night, every spare moment she could get, and read to him out of his Bible.

By and by Lessie became alarmed at this eagerness of her little son to be always talking about and wanting to hear more of the Savior and His life.

She was, herself, worn out and half sick with anxiety and fatigue, from watching over and taking care of her sick child. And perhaps it was no

wonder that the sad impression should come to her that her little boy was too good, too pure minded and noble to remain on earth and grow to manhood; and that a great fear should enter her heart, that the Lord wanted her child elsewhere, and she would not be able to hold him, with all her love.

"What makes you cry, mother?" Halo asked, as Lessie bent over him, smoothing his pillow and straightening the bed clothes, for her tears fell upon his face.

"Don't feel bad, mother!" he continued, "I shall not tease you so much, nor be so much trouble any more, you see I am better." "Oh, Halo darling!" cried his mother, "You do not trouble me! You are just as good as you can be, *always!*"

Then she knelt by his bed, and held his hand in hers while she prayed for him, and had a good, hearty "cry," which very much relieved her overburdened soul.

Halo was better, as he had said. His hand grew moist in his mother's and was not so dry and feverish as it had been.

Lessie arose and seated herself in her chair beside the bed. And as Halo remembered he had promised not to tease so much, he did not ask for a Bible story just then, but remained quiet. And Lessie was so worn out for want of sleep that in a moment or two her eyes closed, and she dozed off, with the thought still in her mind, "My good

little boy! Will the kind and wise Heavenly Father graciously spare you unto me?"

Halo let his mother sleep for a little while. Then he felt that he must have a change. And, wisely for his mother's sake, as well as for his own good, perhaps, he made up his mind what the change should be for which he would ask.

"Mother," he said softly.

And Lessie's eyes opened the instant he spoke, "Yes, Halo, dear."

"If I send down stairs for my 'Buffalo Bill book,' will you please read that to me now?"

At this question from Halo, Lessie sprang joyfully to her feet. It was as though a great weight had been removed from her mind. Her little Halo was indeed getting better, she thought. He was beginning to take an interest in worldly affairs again, and could even ask for some book beside the Bible to be read to him.

The Buffalo Bill book was brought at once, and how Lessie enjoyed reading it to Halo, and how they laughed together over the antics described in the stories and shown in the pictures of the cow boys and their horses, headed by the famous "Buffalo Bill."

The turning point in Halo's sickness had been passed successfully, and from that time on, he gradually improved.

But as soon as the great anxiety Lessie had felt for her child was lifted from her mind, she fairly collapsed herself, and was, at times, unable to take proper care of Halo, and do the things which needed to be done to aid his recovery.

Then, both Halo and his mother grew to appreciate very greatly, the kind help of a dear "Aunt Patience," who came to their assistance. This aunt was a young woman who had studied nursing to some extent, and to whom it came

natural to notice every thing that needed doing in a sick room. Not only did she see what needed to be done, but she also had the knack of taking hold and doing things in the right way, and at the right time. So it happened that Aunt Patience was like an angel of mercy in the house, when both Lessie and Halo were sick and suffering.

And when Halo's father came to him one evening to see if he could do anything for his little boy's comfort, Halo asked him to get the Bible and read about the Good Samaritan. For he said he thought Aunt Patience deserved to hear something encouraging, and he believed she would like that story.

Laurence took the Bible and read from the tenth chapter of Luke.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

* * * This do and thou shalt live."
* * *

And a certain lawyer said unto Jesus:

"And who is my neighbor?" "And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

"And went to him and bound up his wounds pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave

them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou expendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?"

Halo lay thinking for a few minutes

after his father had finished reading the parable, and then said,

"I shouldn't think it would be hard for anyone to love a neighbor like that good Samaritan. Aunt Patience has been so kind to us in our troubles that I think it would be a pleasure to me to be kind to her in return."



THE SAMARITAN BROUGHT THE WOUNDED MAN TO AN INN.

"I hope you will always feel like that, Halo," replied his father.

Halo improved rapidly from that time on, and was soon well enough to be around again.

He noticed one day that his mother had taken to reading the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and he wanted her to read aloud to him from it, when he was with her. So they read from it and talked it over together.

He was particularly impressed with the following words from section six:

"Behold the field is white already to harvest, therefore whoso desireth to reap, let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God:

"Yea, whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God."

"Mother, I should like to be working in that great, white field," Halo said, after studying over those words, and considering carefully their meaning. "I want to be treasuring up salvation in the kingdom of God."

"I believe you are doing that, Halo, by being a good child and a comfort to your father and mother," answered Lessie.

"Yes, I know that's all right," said Halo, "but I should like to be a missionary."

"Well, you will be sometime, when you are older," replied his mother.

Halo had chores to do now—a cow to milk, a horse to feed and water, and some kindling to split up. He went about his work and his mother turned to hers.

By and by he came in with a bucket of milk and a very bright, happy face.

"Mother," he said, as he placed the pail of milk on the table where she was

preparing something to cook, "I don't have to wait till I am a man to be a missionary in the work of the Lord"

"That's good," replied Lessie. "I did not think you would."

"There are five little missions on hand for me, right now," continued Halo. "Five little fields, all white, and ready for me to work in. And you know, mother, in that sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, it reads, 'Whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God.' And you read also in the fourth section, 'Faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work. Now, you want to know what my five missions are, don't you, mother?"

"Indeed I should like to," answered Lessie.

"Well," said Halo, brightly, "my first mission is to myself; to study myself, to warn, to teach, to qualify myself, and to see to it that I am humble and right before the Lord. My next mission field is my home; to be on hand to do all the good I can to all who live here, or ever come here for any purpose. The third field is the ward to which I belong. The fourth is the city. And the fifth is the whole world, in whatever part I may be. In all these, to do all the good I can. Does that sound foolish to you, mother, or do you think my plan is all right?"

"It does not sound at all foolish to me, my son," said Lessie. "And I do not see how there could be anything wrong in such a plan. We always have to be careful not to go to extremes. You will naturally learn a great many lessons if you keep in view the five little missions you have spoken of. And you will be qualifying yourself for other missions to which you will be called by the authorities of the Church bye and bye.

My wish and prayer for you always will be that you may prove a wise and faithful servant in the work of the Lord forever."

A few days before Christmas, that year, a very trying experience came to the Ray family. Laurence, who had been quite well off in the things of the world, met with a heavy financial loss.

There were others in the household now, besides Lessie and Halo, who looked to Laurence for support, and at first the poor man felt his loss very deeply. He called his family together for a council, explained the circumstances in which they were left, and asked how they should spend Christmas, as there were no funds to buy extras with. There was a pause, and Halo was the first to make a suggestion. He asked, "How would it do for us to have a family fast and prayer meeting for the fore part of the day, on Christmas? Not have anything to eat till four or five o'clock in the afternoon. Then have as good a dinner as we can get, and I believe we can enjoy it."

"That is a good suggestion, Halo," said his mother. "The spirit that prompts you to offer such a proposition is of far greater value than vast riches, or the ability to acquire untold wealth would be without it." Halo's suggestion was adopted without one dissenting voice, carried with no amendment.

But the day before Christmas, something unlooked for occurred, which proved very pleasant.

Halo's mother was doing some work in the Temple in the morning. When her work was done for the day, she went into a room by herself, and prayed fervently that the way might be opened up for her husband and his family that they might not feel their loss very keenly, and that they might always be provided for.

On her way from the Temple, she called at a business place with which she had formerly had some deal. She wanted to speak with a party who was there employed.

Having accomplished the purpose for which she called, she was leaving, when one of the managers spoke to her, and said he believed they were owing her something.

Sure enough, an account on which Lessie had not anticipated receiving anything, having been looked into, showed quite a balance in her favor, which the gentleman paid then and there. So the family had a real "surprise;" a good, comfortable Christmas dinner, but they held their fast meeting as agreed upon first.

In a few days unexpected good fortune, in a small way, came to Laurence, which helped him out in his financial affairs.

And thus, time after time, the Rays saw that special providences were provided to help them along, in answer to the prayer of faith. Just as thousands of the Latter-day Saints can testify to being helped exactly in accordance with their needs.

As this is the last number of the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the story of "Halo and Others" here concludes.

Some of our little readers would, perhaps, like to know what about the other children mentioned in some of the early chapters. They are all still living, and are doing their share in the world's work.

Halo is a young man now, a *very* young man.

The little story of his life, so far as has been lived, is only similar to that which might be told of any one of hundreds of you, dear little boys and girls, who have in your hearts the love

of truth, virtue and honesty, and a desire to show your gratitude for life on the earth, by doing good in the world.

May all your lives be pure and happy.

L. L. G. R.

IN volume 39 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the Editors hope to give the little folks some very interesting sketches, with portraits, of some of the prominent brethren in our communities, such as Presidents of Stakes, and perhaps some others.

This will be for the purpose of making us better acquainted with these brethren, and with the conditions surrounding their early lives.

The little folks, in reading these sketches, cannot fail to gain numerous valuable lessons which will be helpful to them in many events of their lives.

L. L. Greene Richards.

A BOY'S MASTERPIECE.

AN English newspaper publishes the following masterpiece which it attributes to a public-school-boy:

"King Henry the Eighth was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had five hundred and ten wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again, but she said the word 'Calais' would be found written on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garnet Wolsey. He was surnamed the 'Boy Bachelor,' being born at the age of fifteen unmarried. He after said had he served his wife as diligently as he served the king she would not have deprived him of his gray hairs. In this reign the Bible was

translated into Latin by Titus Oates, who was ordered by the king to be chained up in the Church for greater security. It was also in this reign that the Duke of Wellington discovered America and invented curfew bell to prevent fires, most of the houses being built of timber. Henry the Eighth was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as 'The Lady of the Lake,' or 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' He died in bed in the last year of his age."

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME.

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the Chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang goes the bell;
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hill top,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each one in his place!
Here we go, there we go
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall,
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

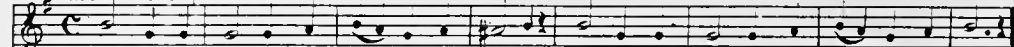
The Angelus.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

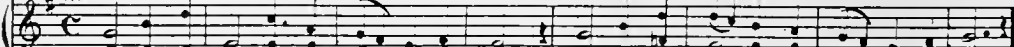
A. C. Smyth.

Tenor, Moderato e Sempre.

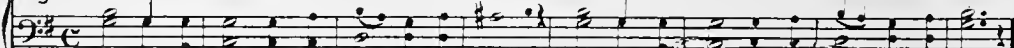


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

Treble, Moderato e Sempre



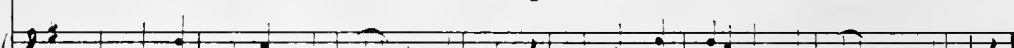
2. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de-votion, O-dors of E-dom, and offerings divine?



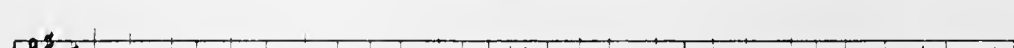
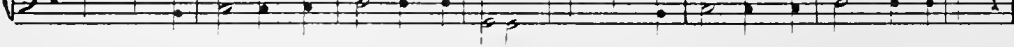
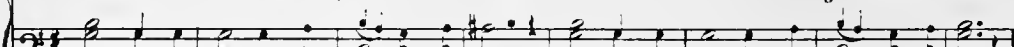
Bass



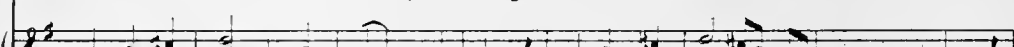
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dornung, Guide where our infant Re - deemer is laid.



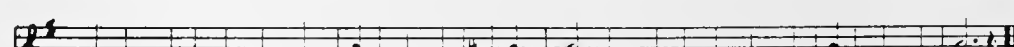
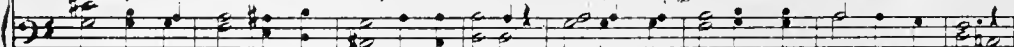
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean. Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?



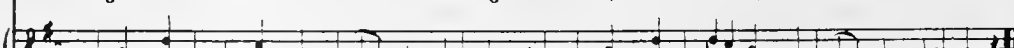
Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;



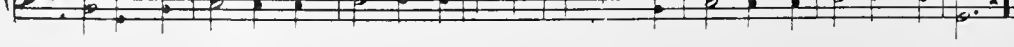
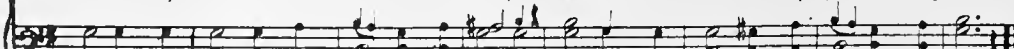
Vainly we of-fer each ample o-blation; Vainly with gifts would His fa-vor secure,



Angels a - dore Him in slumber reclining Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.



Richer by far is the heart's ad-o-ration; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Semi-Monthly Magazine.

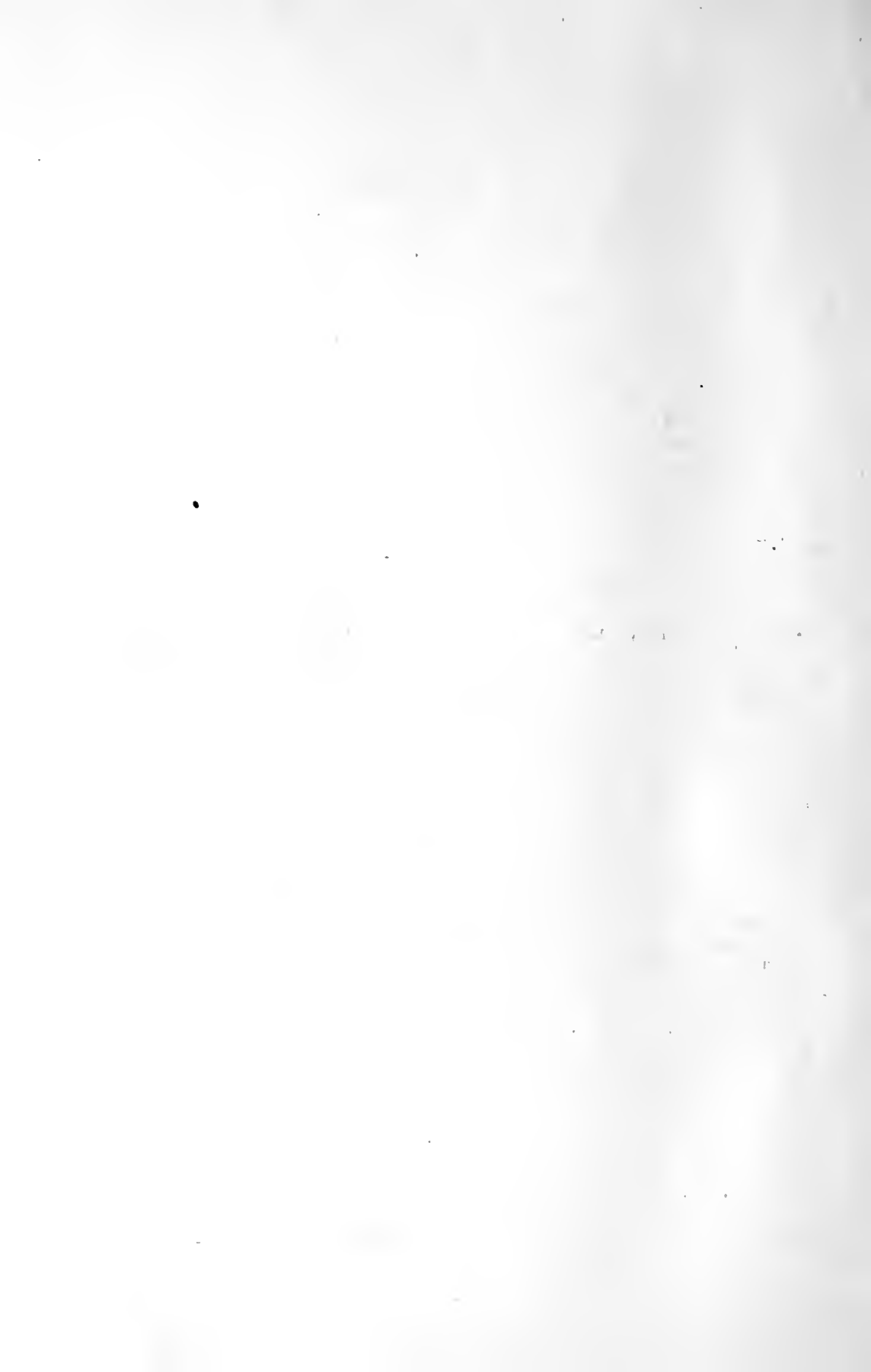
DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION
OF THE YOUNG.

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, Editor; GEORGE REYNOLDS, J. M. TANNER, Assistant Editors.

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